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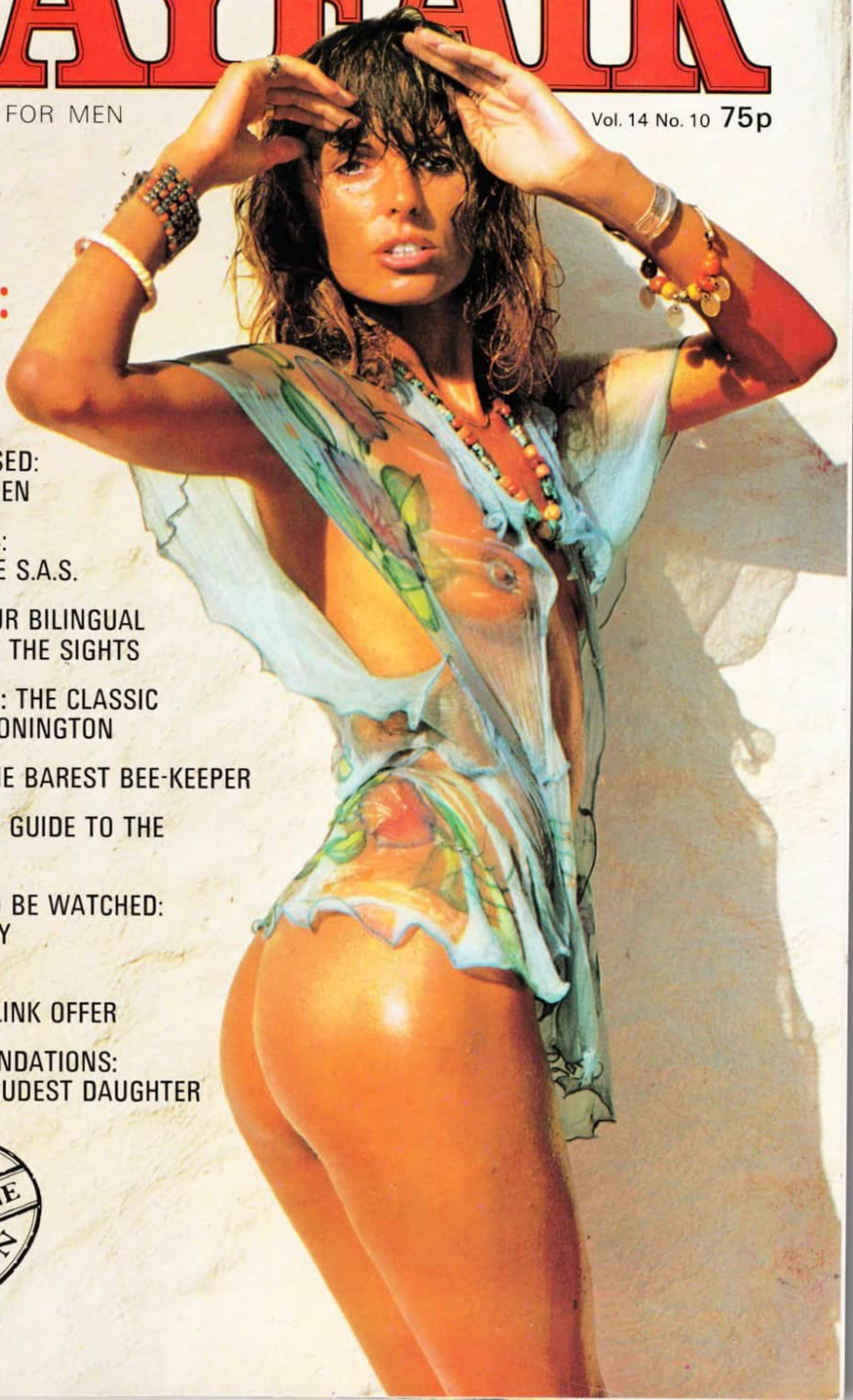
Vol. 14 No. 10 75p



BUMPER AUTUMN BONANZA: six sexy girls and 148 pages

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CURVY COURIER: OUR BILINGUAL
BEAUTY SHOWS US THE SIGHTS

WINNING FORMULA: THE CLASSIC
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GIRLS WHO LIKE TO BE WATCHED:
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If you want to take full advantage of all the new radio transmissions, the BBC strongly advise that you have a 3 wave-band radio.

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This, combined with numerous other sophistications, make the Auritone digital clock radio really amazing value at £24.95. But now, during this special sale period, existing stock of this outstanding offer is available for just £19.95, (plus £1.95 p&p).

SOLID-STATE MINIATURISATION.

Only the advent of the space programme could make possible the incredible miniaturisation of complex electronics required to pack all of the features that this alarm clock-radio brings you into its sleek elegant casing.

	SPECIFICATION
RADIO	Solid-state, three waveband, traversing tuning dial. AM (Medium Wave) 515–1630 KHz. FM (VHF) 87.5–108 MHz. LW (Long Wave) 155–285 KHz.
CLOCK	Light-emitting display, with variable resistance control for gradual adjustment from dim to very bright.
ALARM	Continuous tone electronic.
CASING	Black, impact resistant moulding.
POWER SUPPLY	Mains 240 volt AC. Integral transformer.
DIMENSIONS	10¼" long; 5½" deep; 2⅝" high. Weight: 3lb 2oz.

It incorporates an AM/LW/FM three wave band radio of exceptional clarity and tone; an LED (light-emitting display) digital clock that uses the frequency of the mains current for accuracy; and a 4 function electronic alarm system.

And, linking all three features, is a push-button console on top of the casing giving you fingertip control to make this clock-radio a truly luxurious addition to your bedroom.

It will automatically turn its radio on at any time you pre-select (there's an electronic alarm, if you prefer), to wake you up gently with your favourite radio station.

It will bring you music while you fall asleep at night, and then will turn its radio off automatically.

It brings you the precise time on its glowing display (not the cheaper flip-over numerals), and a touch of a button shows you the time the alarm is set for.

It gives you the luxury 'snooze' facility, when the alarm (or radio, if selected) sounds in the morning, simply press the 'snooze' button, and automatically the alarm fades gently away, only to call you 10 minutes later.

PUSH-BUTTON CONTROLS.

This alarm clock-radio has been designed to allow you to control its functions even as you lie in bed. The push-buttons are located on top of the casing for easy, no fumble access.

SNOOZE. Gives you an extra 10 minutes lie-in after the alarm (or the alarm/clock, or just the radio, depending on which you've selected) sounds.

Press, and the alarm fades gently away, and calls you again automatically after 10 minutes.

SLEEP. Press when you're ready to go to sleep and the radio comes gently on-and will automatically turn itself off after any time you select, from one minute to fifty-nine minutes.

ALARM. Press, and instantly the display changes to show you the time the alarm is set for. Release, and it returns to real time.

SECONDS. Displays seconds when depressed. Release, and normal time is shown.

FAST AND SLOW. To make setting the right time on the clock particularly simple, these two buttons allow you to change the real time or the alarm time, without affecting the setting of the other. Press 'fast' and the figures change rapidly through the hours and minutes. Press 'slow,' and they change more slowly to allow you to stop it at exactly the right time.

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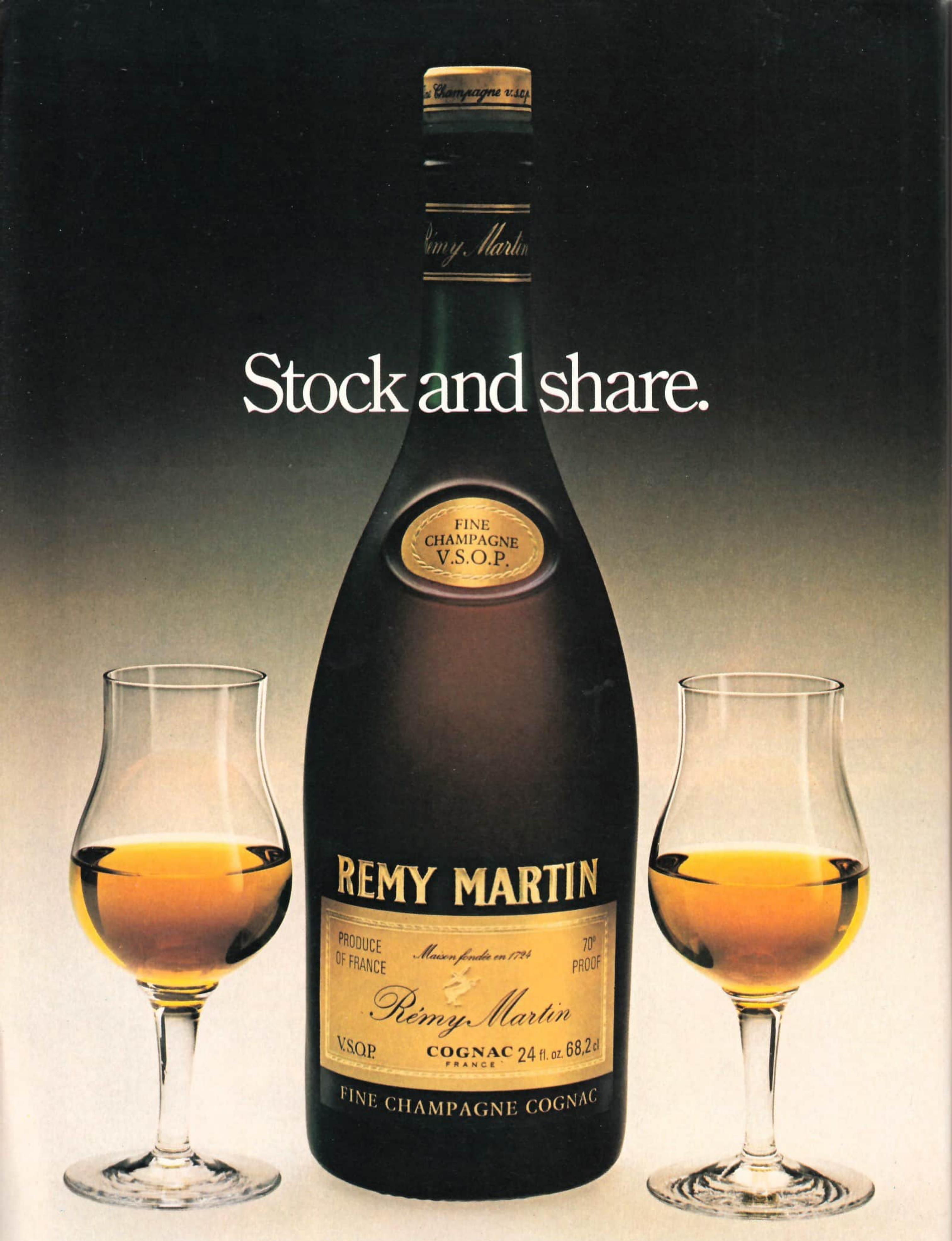
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Perfection is Pam, page 68. F1 in the fifties, page 78

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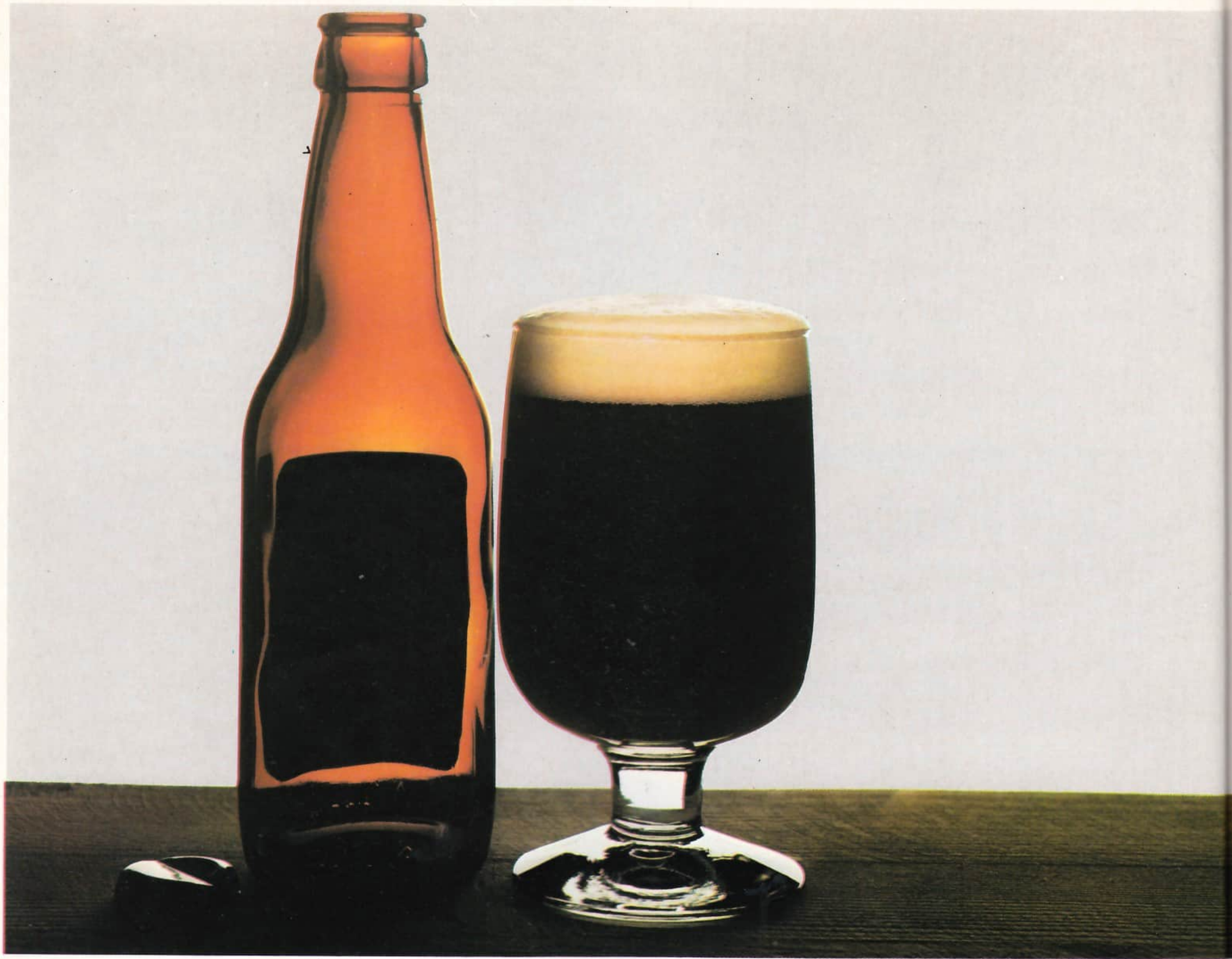

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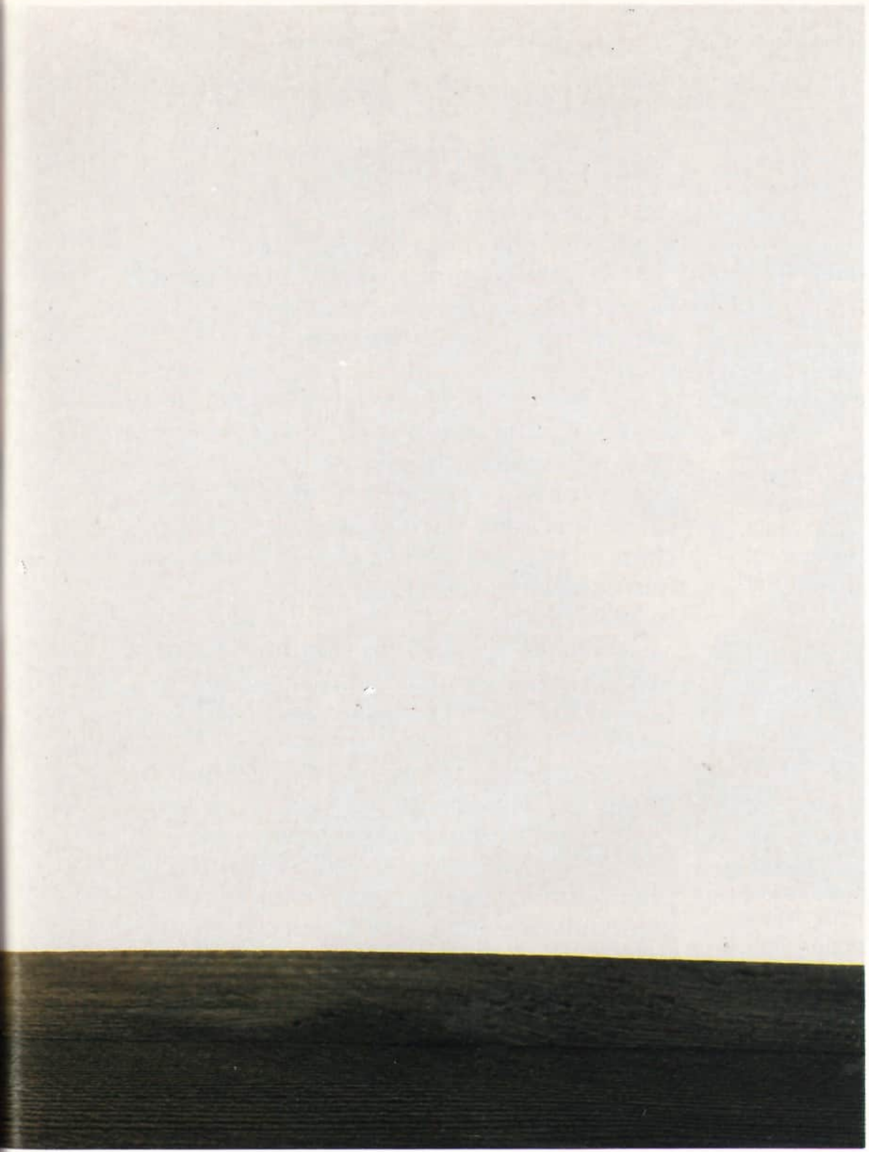

now
fold.

First you can hear how it takes twice as long to pour as your average bottled beer.

Then, raising your glass, you catch the smell of roasted barley.

To follow there's the tight, sharp taste on your tongue, the rush of bubbles to your palate, and the dry, mature flavour that brings our name to your lips.

Even if we wanted to, we could never keep it dark.

SCENE

Anyone who sent off for one of our bullet pendants which we have been offering for the past few months is bound to be interested in our great new offer.

Following the success of the pendants we have decided to present a whole range of the bullet jewellery, all of the same high quality, and all great value for money.

With the 22 carat gold-plated cufflinks, each mounted with a gold-plated 9mm bullet, you can forget all those problems of lost buttons and at the same time be in the forefront of latest fashion trends with this new-style jewellery.

These cufflinks cost only £10.50 and are, we believe, excellent value for an unusual piece of jewellery. To go with the cufflinks we are offering a 22 carat gold-plated 9mm bullet on a heavy 22 carat gold-plated chain. This costs only £9.40 and is available in men's and women's size chains so you can give one to the woman in your life and be a matched pair.

The third item in our new range is a rhodium-plated bullet keyring, costing £4.25. This keyring, in an attractive silver-coloured metal, has been specially designed to stand up to the rough treatment it is likely to receive in your pocket rubbing against coins.

Gold-plated metal would not be tough enough, but tests have shown that rhodium-plating will last.

The bullets are genuine but their firing caps and charges have been removed for safety reasons. They are the type used in .38 Police Special and automatic weapons.

We think that the bullet jewellery represents great value for money and is at the same time strikingly individual in style. The offer and coupon can be found on page 123.

Graffiti rules OK. Or it seems to, judging from the number of letters we get from readers telling us of the latest humorous scrawlings they have seen on various walls.

Two new paperbacks have just been published giving selections of the writing on the wall: Graffiti: The Scrawl of The Wild by Roger Kilroy in Corgi books and Graffiti Lives OK by Nigel Rees in Unwin Paperbacks. Many of the examples cited are old hat, but both books have a selection of graffiti which we have never seen before:

Be alert – your country needs lerts.

100,000 lemmings can't be wrong.

Do Eskimos like frozen pees?

Is camping loitering within tent?

In our motoring section this month we take a look at the single-seater Grand Prix racing cars of the '50s. They are part of the Donington Collection which is open to the public seven days a week from 10am – 6pm all the year round except Christmas Day. Admission is £1.65 for adults, 50 pence for children and old age pensioners with a 10 per cent discount for parties of 20 or more. The collection is only three miles from Junction 24 on the M1 Motorway. Donington, which has been open to the public since 1973, boasts the world's largest gathering of single-seater racing cars in a collection of over 200 exhibits showing the history of Grand Prix racing from before World War One to the present day.

Wrangler, the jeans manufacturer, have taken a survey in London which shows that 35 per cent of male office workers aged from 16–30 prefer to see their female colleagues wearing jeans rather than skirts. We bet if the choice had been mini-skirts the numbers rooting for jeans would have been considerably less.

We have a treat this month for anyone who likes girls in uniforms. On page 102 you will find Jenny the Wren, improperly dressed by naval standards; but we think you will like her un-dress uniform.

Join us in a small celebration.

Here's a Hi-Fidelity system that'll really give you cause to celebrate.

It's the Technics concise components series. Each component is literally only 2" high by 12" wide. The cassette deck, a mere 4" high.

They're small enough to stack in your shallowest bookshelf and their performance totally defies their size.

Without straining the SE-CO1 stereo DC power amplifier will give you 50 watts a channel with no more than 0.03% total harmonic distortion from 20Hz to 20,000Hz.

The SU-CO1 stereo amplifier has a built in moving coil preamplifier. The SN ratio is 88dB and distortion an amazing low of 0.005%.

A subsonic filter of -12dB/oct cuts off unwanted noise below 30Hz.

In the FM/AM stereo tuner, the ST-CO1, an active servo-lock gives utterly precise tuning and there are many ingenious design factors which contribute to virtually distortion free FM stereo reception.

The RS-MO2 Dolby Direct-Drive front loading cassette deck is a miniature masterpiece. It has performance figures that would be the envy of many full size decks. A wow and flutter figure of just 0.04% WRMS. An SN ratio of 68dB. And with the new Metal Tape you achieve a frequency response of 20-20,000Hz.

The complete system can be heard through our SB F1 2-way linear phase speakers.

A mere 8" high, they can handle up to 60 watts and the frequency response is excellent at 50 to 20,000Hz.

Our turntables have not yet succumbed to miniaturisation. With the concise components series the fully automatic SL 1600 Mk II Direct Drive Turntable will complete a stereo system second to none.

The rotational accuracy is superb. Wow and flutter read 0.025% WRMS. Rumble -78dB (DINB).

It all adds up to a must for those of you who want your Hi-Fi heard but not seen.

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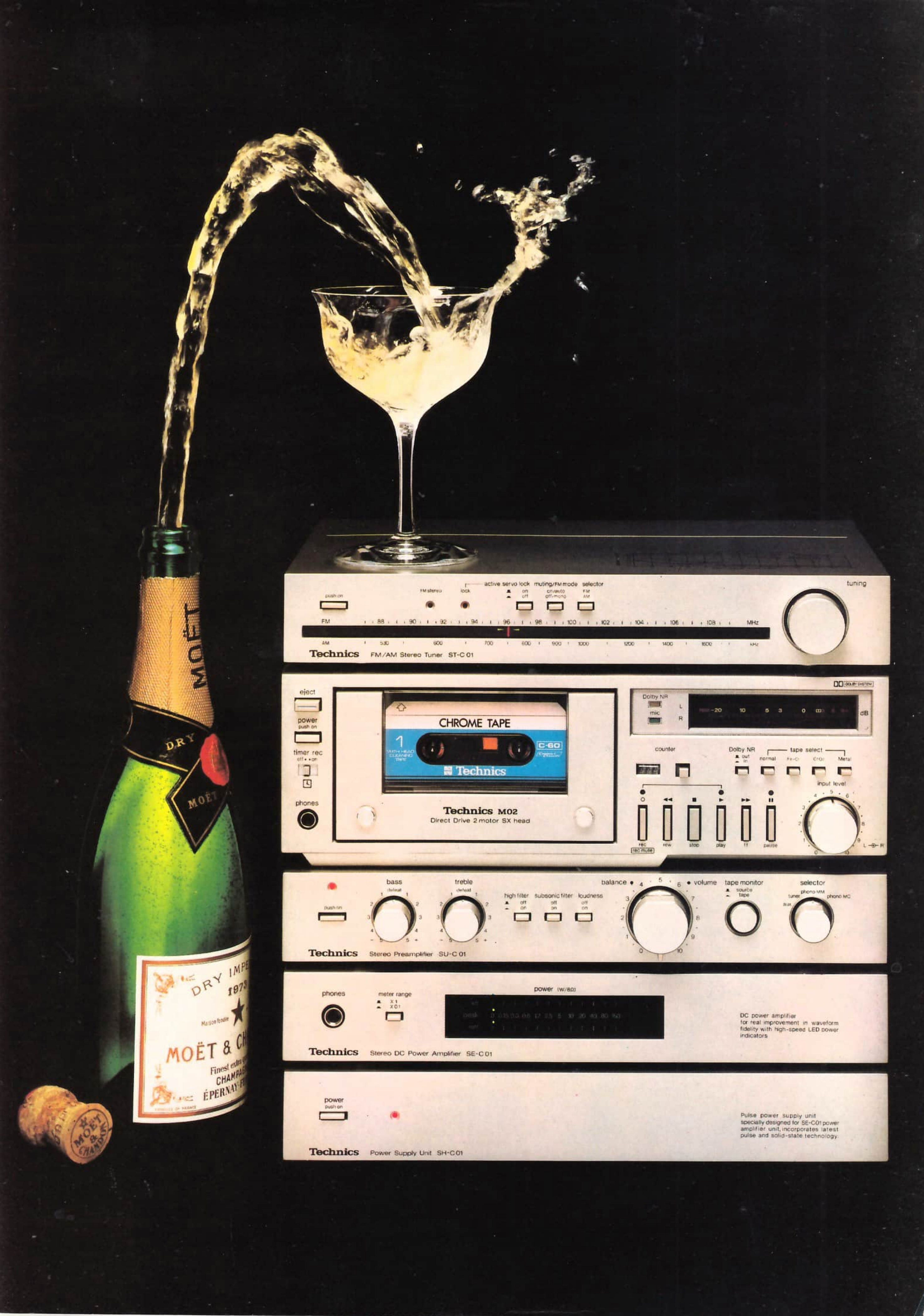
Technics FM/AM Stereo Tuner ST-C01
CHROME TAPE
Technics M02
Direct Drive 2 motor SX head
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LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Thirty-eight years is a long time and some of the facts recalled by Mr Green in Vol 14 No 7 concerning the sinking of the *Ark Royal* are, I'm afraid, a little wide of the mark. However as he was an eye-witness of the incident, I am sure it is a memory he will never forget.

According to Admiralty records *HMS Sheffield* was not present with Force II at the time of the sinking. She had returned home on June 9th for a refit and though she was back at Gibraltar in August and took part in Operation Halberd on September 28th, 1941, she was not sailing in immediate company with the *Ark* on that fateful day.

There is no record of Captain Maund being offered or refusing a tow. With a U-boat in the vicinity no sane captain would have put a valuable cruiser at risk by trying to get a tow across.

The ships sailing with the *Ark Royal* when she was torpedoed were the battle-ship *Malaya*, the carrier *Argus*, the cruiser *Hermione* and seven destroyers.

Your artist was quite correct in showing two tugs on the scene and, again, Mr Green's memory has let him down. The first tug to secure a tow was *Thames*. This was accomplished at 2040 – approximately four hours after the torpedo had struck – and at 0200 the following morning the tug *St Day* joined in the salvage attempt. The actual time of sinking according to the Admiralty was 0613 on November 14th.

I hope Mr Green will forgive me for pointing out these facts and I'm delighted to see that an old sailor still has an eye for the girls and reads *Mayfair*.

Edwyn Gray, Penn, Bucks

I have enjoyed *Mayfair* for some time now, though I am a female, and regard it as one of the best magazines of its kind. Unlike some of your competitors you manage to maintain a healthy and humorous attitude to sex and only the most narrow-minded of people could take exception to it.

I am not married but have quite a number of boyfriends and when they visit my flat and find copies of *Mayfair* on the bookshelves they are sometimes a little surprised. Needless to say they are most appreciative of your models but they do not always understand why it is that I also find them extremely stimulating.

It is not, I hasten to add, because of any lesbian tendencies, but because of their beautiful sexuality. Some of your models simply ooze sex. Their expressions and the poses they assume are so provoking to any man. And you do not have to be a man to appreciate the beauty and grace of the female form.

Just as no bee can resist a beautiful and fragrant flower, so it is that no man can avoid being drawn by the revelation of nubile charms. Every girl knows this. Nature gave us all assets in the form of our figure, breasts and vagina which are beyond price and to argue that to display our bodies is to debase our sex is pure nonsense.

I am immensely proud of my body so what better way to proclaim my pride than to reveal it for others to admire? By the same token I do not regard it as promiscuous to grant my favours liberally to all my boyfriends.

My body was made for love and to bear children. For me there is no pleasure on Earth to compare with the violent thrusts of a lover.

I will eventually settle down to marry and live with one man but until that day comes I am free and so is my body. For who am I to deny it the sensations it craves?

Ms S T, Sussex

If you are proud of your body, why not send us a picture so all our readers can admire it as well?

As a regular reader of your magazine and a typical, cynical student I have never really believed the amazing stories that have been printed about young men's relationships with older women.

But I am now in a position to add my name to the illustrious list of students/young men who have been initiated into the delights of a truly experienced tutor.

This magical turn in my sexual career reached its climax (pardon the pun) last week. My flatmates and I were having a break from the tedious business of exam revision by playing with a frisbee in the road outside.

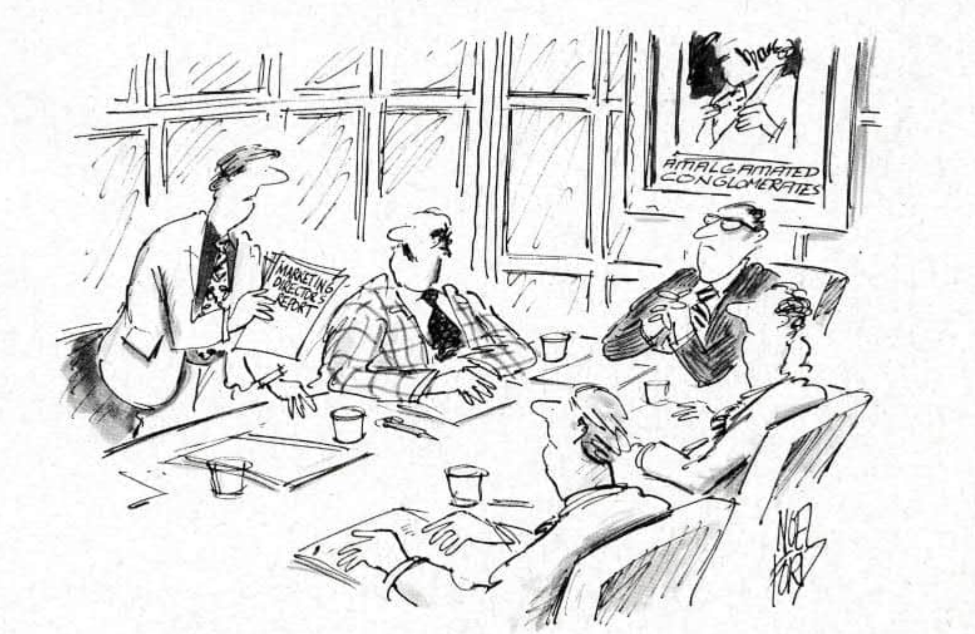
One of the guys threw the thing too hard and it soared upwards straight into a garden surrounded by a large privet bush. Being the mug and the tallest at six feet, six and a half inches I was persuaded to go and get it.

As I was moving up the garden towards the frisbee, I heard a voice from behind me. It was the lady of the house demanding to know what I was doing. I muttered some excuse and carried on, got the frisbee and was moving past her towards the gate when she grabbed me by the arm.

'Why don't you bloody students ever have any respect for other people's property,' she shouted at me.

I was taken aback but did feel it was a bit of a cheek so I apologised and said it would never happen again. Then I

turn to page 20



'At first I thought that the upsurge in downtrends in the commodities-market had exacerbated fluctuations in anabatically aggrandized futures, but then I said to myself, Jim, I said, you're talking shit.'

LETTERS

continued from page 19

found myself looking at her in a different light. She was tall, very well-built, but not fat, and had a beautiful pouting mouth and clear blue eyes – a classic blonde even if she was ten years older than me.

She had obviously noticed my change in mood and seemed to be giving me the once-over as well.

One of my mates shouted out something unprintable asking where the frisbee was. I threw it back over to them and apologised to her again.

She just smiled and said she didn't really mind but that she'd had a lot of trouble with drunken students late at night.

I was now more relaxed and taking in her firm body at even closer quarters. She then brought up some feeble excuse about it being hot and would I like a cold beer? I obviously replied yes and walked into the house with her. She gave me a beer, then I grabbed her and planted a wet kiss on her lipstick covered lips. She responded immediately and before long we were in a passionate embrace, our tongues exploring each other's panting mouths.

I moved my hands down onto her firm arse and rucked up the thin cotton dress she was wearing. She moved her hands down to rub the mound now rising in my faded jeans and groaned as my hand moved under her cheeks and on to the moist cotton of her knickers. I eased my hand round the edge of the material and encountered moist, warm hair and she let out a great sigh and quivered her long legs.

Now she was working her hand quite quietly up and down the erection in the front of my jeans, and I was dying to explore her even further.

I grabbed her around the waist, picked her up and took her into the adjoining room, the dining room. By now we were both too far gone to care and we dropped down onto the carpeted floor. She reached down, pulled my jeans open, reached inside my Y-fronts and took a firm hold on my throbbing member.

As she was driving me to a frenzy with gentle, firm strokes of her seasoned hands, I ripped feverishly at her dress and pulled it over her head. Soon her bra and panties were off and she had stripped me down to my desert boots.

I was too far gone to care and we were in an embrace of heaving passionate flesh before we both realised the enormity of the passions.

'Fuck me, fuck me,' she screamed as my hand waded into her sopping love-hole. My penis was throbbing with anticipation and I forced her onto the floor and spread her legs wide open.

She grabbed my prick and guided me in, whimpering gently as I touched her lips before slipping deep inside her. I wiggled my backside and moved slowly forward till I had filled her experienced love-nest. I started to thrust slowly into her as my hands played with her heaving solid breasts.

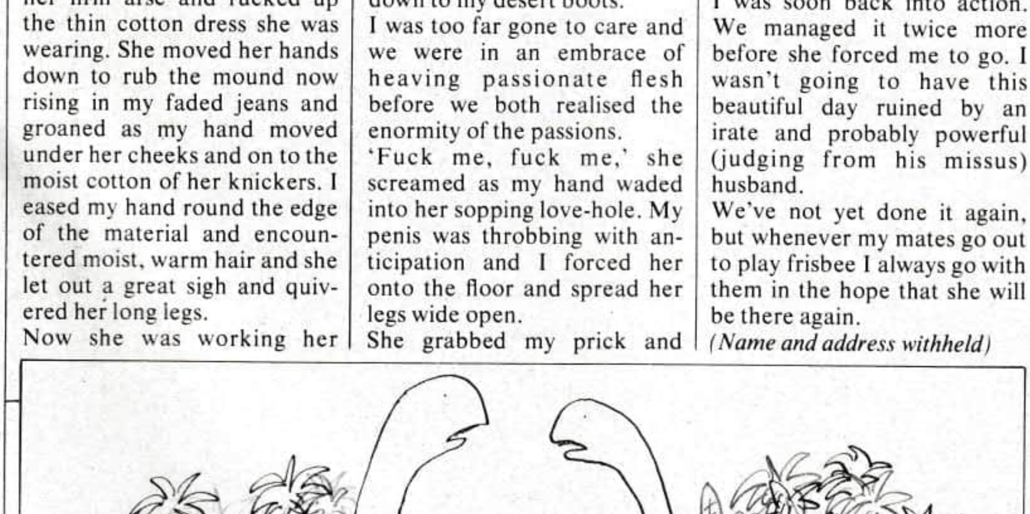
She suddenly arched her back and rammed into me and I could feel the hot rush of her love-juices. I was electrified and rammed up even harder until I came.

As we lay, one on top of the other, she stared at me, red-faced and sweating, and moved her hips gently in time to some imaginary beat.

This aroused me so much that I was soon back into action. We managed it twice more before she forced me to go. I wasn't going to have this beautiful day ruined by an irate and probably powerful (judging from his missus) husband.

We've not yet done it again, but whenever my mates go out to play frisbee I always go with them in the hope that she will be there again.

(Name and address withheld)



'Y'know, if I'd had a bigger brain I really could have gone places.'

I found a picture of an absolutely gorgeous girl in the motoring column of my local paper.

Is there any chance of you setting your sleuths to find out who she is?

It would be something if you could manage to publish a better quality black and white picture of her. Or a colour one with her wearing even fewer clothes would be a real treat.

P D, Knutsford

The sexy girl in the car picture is none other than lovely Joanne Latham who appeared in Vol 14 No 7. This has been confirmed by British Leyland. Just in case you missed Joanne here is a picture of her wearing a little less.

I felt I had to write and compliment you on your decision to feature Joanne Latham in your magazine. I have noticed her frequent appearances in *The Sun* and *Mirror* and now think she is the most attractive model in the business.

C C, Northern Ireland

At long last. Thank you for giving not only myself but a lot of other men a great deal of pleasure with your pictures of lovely Joanne Latham.

I've written to you many times asking you to feature her, and now you have obliged.

In my opinion Joanne was the best girl in Vol 14 No 7. She has a tremendous looking body and those tits – are they really only 34 inches? I'm sure I would not get that reading if I measured her up.

Really though, do I detect a certain shyness on Miss Latham's part for not showing any pubic hair or rear-end views?

It hasn't done any of the previous Sunbirds any harm, in fact it's probably done them some good.

Please do try and tempt this young lass to do another photo session.

J R, Gloucester

Since we were married three years ago, my wife and I have enjoyed your great magazine. I get turned on by your beautiful girls and I think my wife does, too.

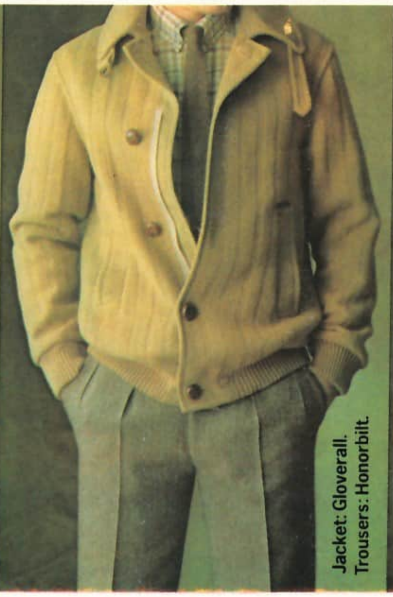
A few weeks ago I was invited to a stag night at a local nightclub. At first I refused because most of the strippers I have ever seen have been pretty

turn to page 138

Made by the same firm that made you.

Jacket:
Waverley Weathercoat.
(Woolblendmark trousers:
Gentlemen's Breeches.)

Jacket: Otto.
Trousers: Honorbilt.



Jacket: Gloverall.
Trousers: Honorbilt.

Jacket:
Invertère Coat Company. Trousers: Daks.

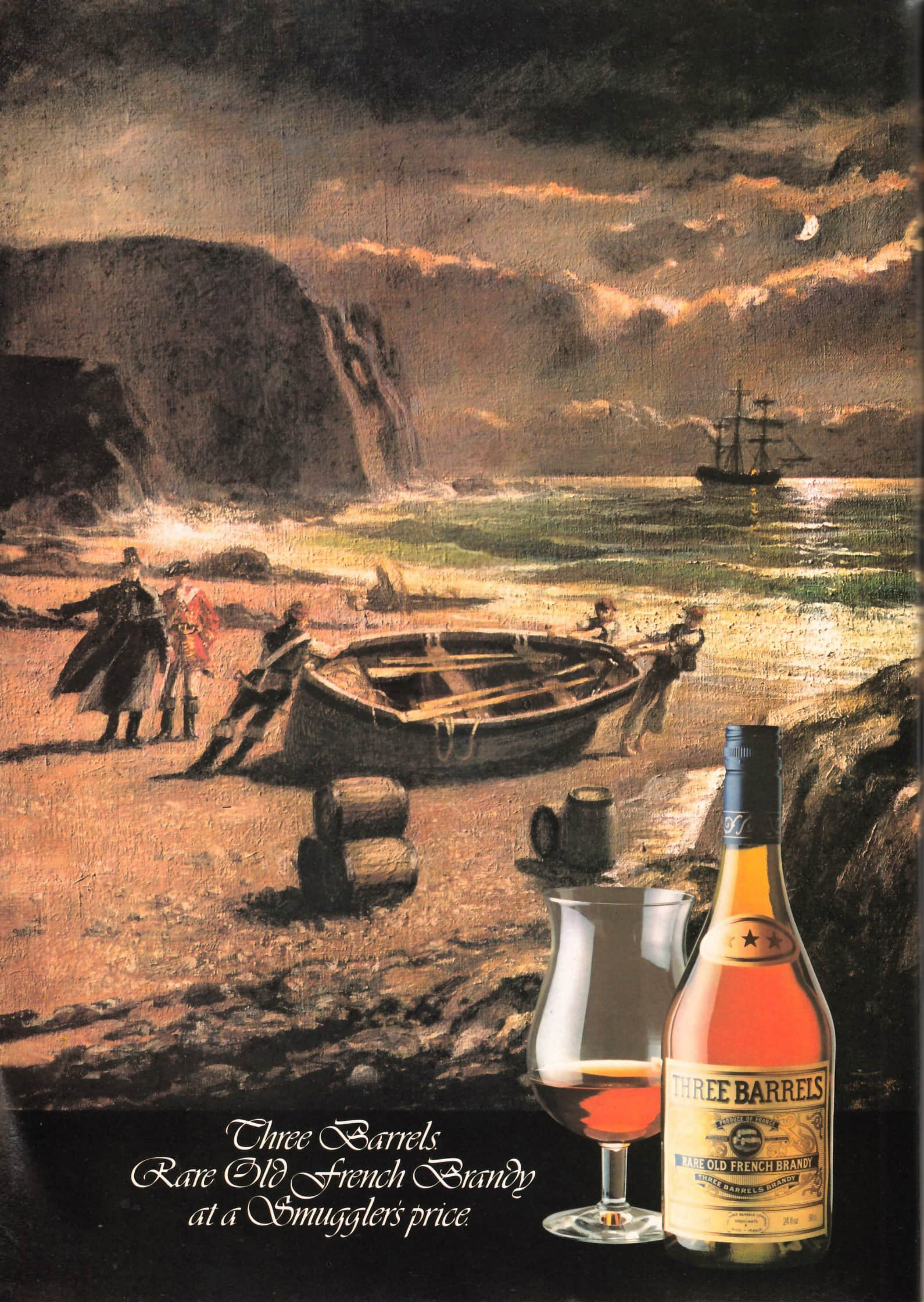
Wool doesn't come from a factory, a test tube or a laboratory.

It comes from the back of a sheep. Which means it has a comfort, warmth, texture and lasting quality you won't find in a man made fibre.

When you're looking for clothes, look for the Woolmark. The sign of pure new wool. It tells you that no re-cycled wool or other fibre has been used. That the fabric has passed stringent performance tests.

And that the clothes you're buying have already had one comfortable, warm, totally satisfied owner: a sheep.

Pure new wool.
There is nothing like it.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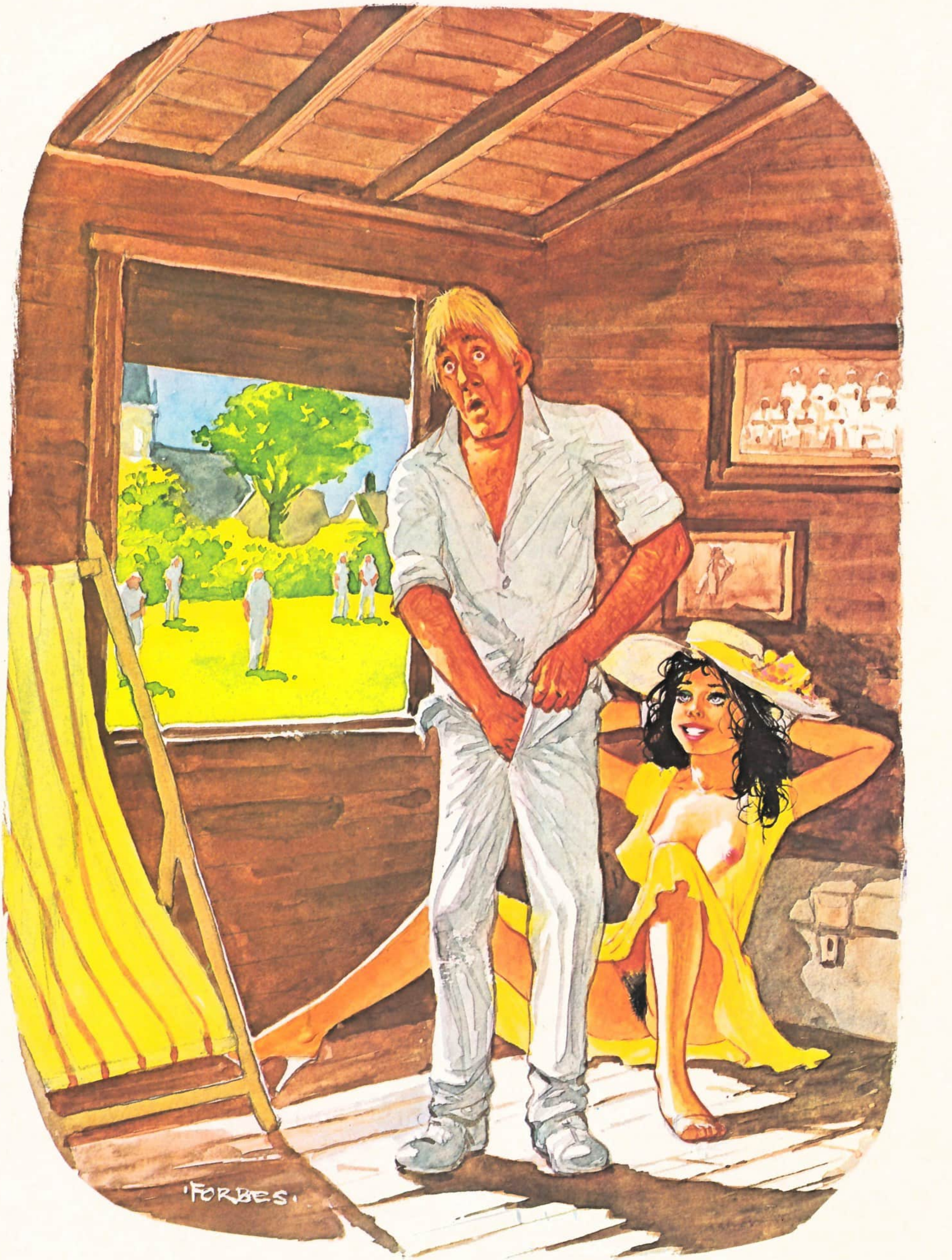
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
RARE OLD FRENCH BRANDY
THREE BARRELS BRANDY



'I'm not surprised they make you last man in, Mr Godfrey.'

H.M. Government
Health Departments' WARNING: CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSL

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GREAT THINGS IN FRONT OF YOU

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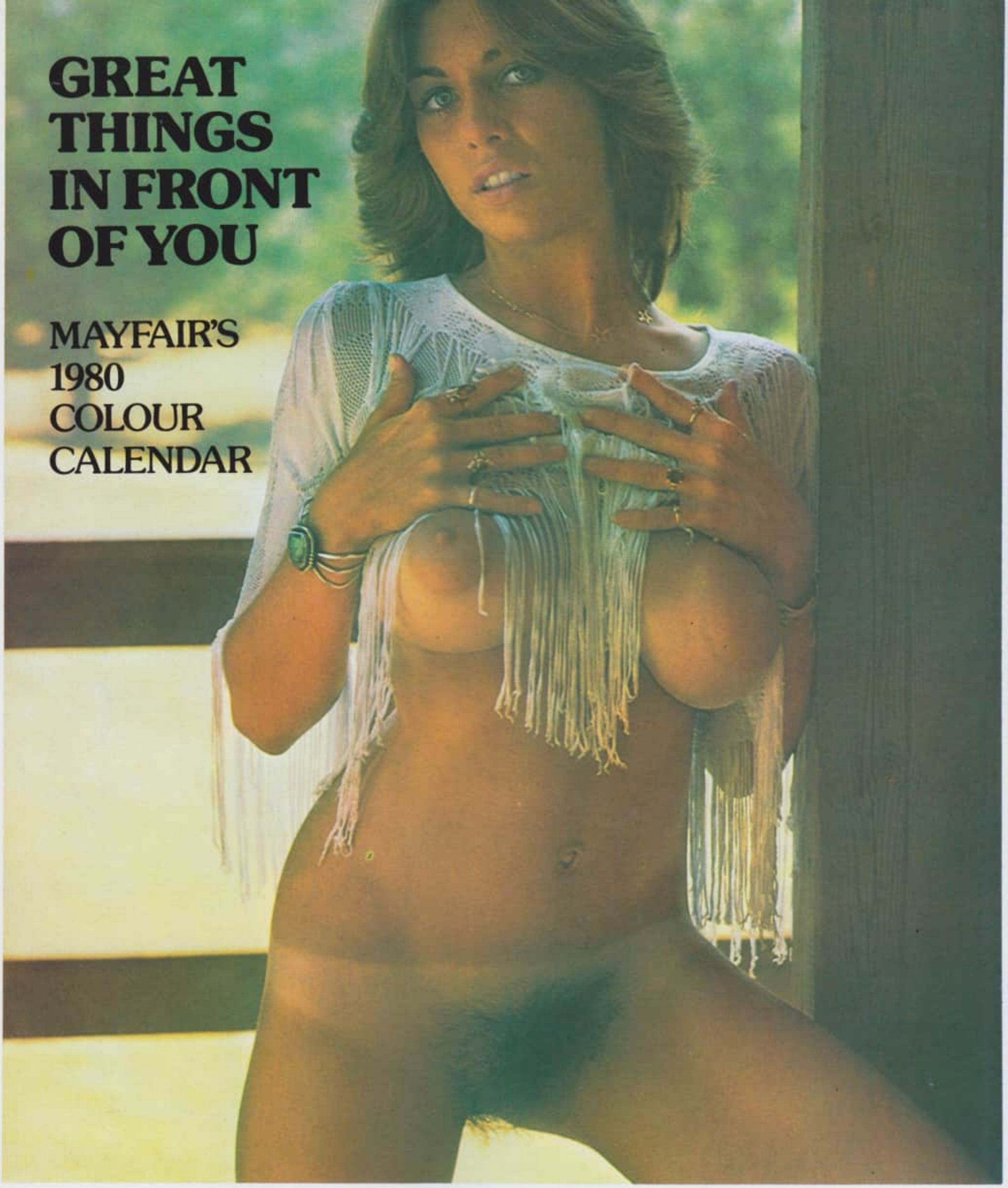

Mayfair's 1980 colour calendars cost £1.80 each, which includes first-class postage, and are sent to you packed flat and crease-free under plain cover. Send your order to: **Mayfair Calendar, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.** Print your order on plain paper if you don't wish to cut this page.

Please send me .... calendars at £1.80 each. I enclose a cheque/postal order for ....

Name ....

Address ....

....

.... Date M1410

Sexy Stephanie Platt with the full 38–23–36 figure was the outstanding centregirl in Vol 12 No 8. Her photos brought a great response from readers, and now she is just one of the twelve magnificent *Mayfair* maids who reveal all in our latest full-colour calendar. Each one has been chosen to give you a sexy start to the 1980s, so whether your preference is for bottoms or boobs, brunettes or blondes you are bound to find something that's just for you. With all this it is little wonder that ours is the biggest-selling glamour calendar in Britain, and it will be sent to you for only £1.80 each – including first-class postage and plain, flat, crease-free wrapping. Just send in your order right now and start enjoying '80.

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JVC G-SERIES HI-FI SYSTEMS

JVC

Fiona

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ED ALEXANDER

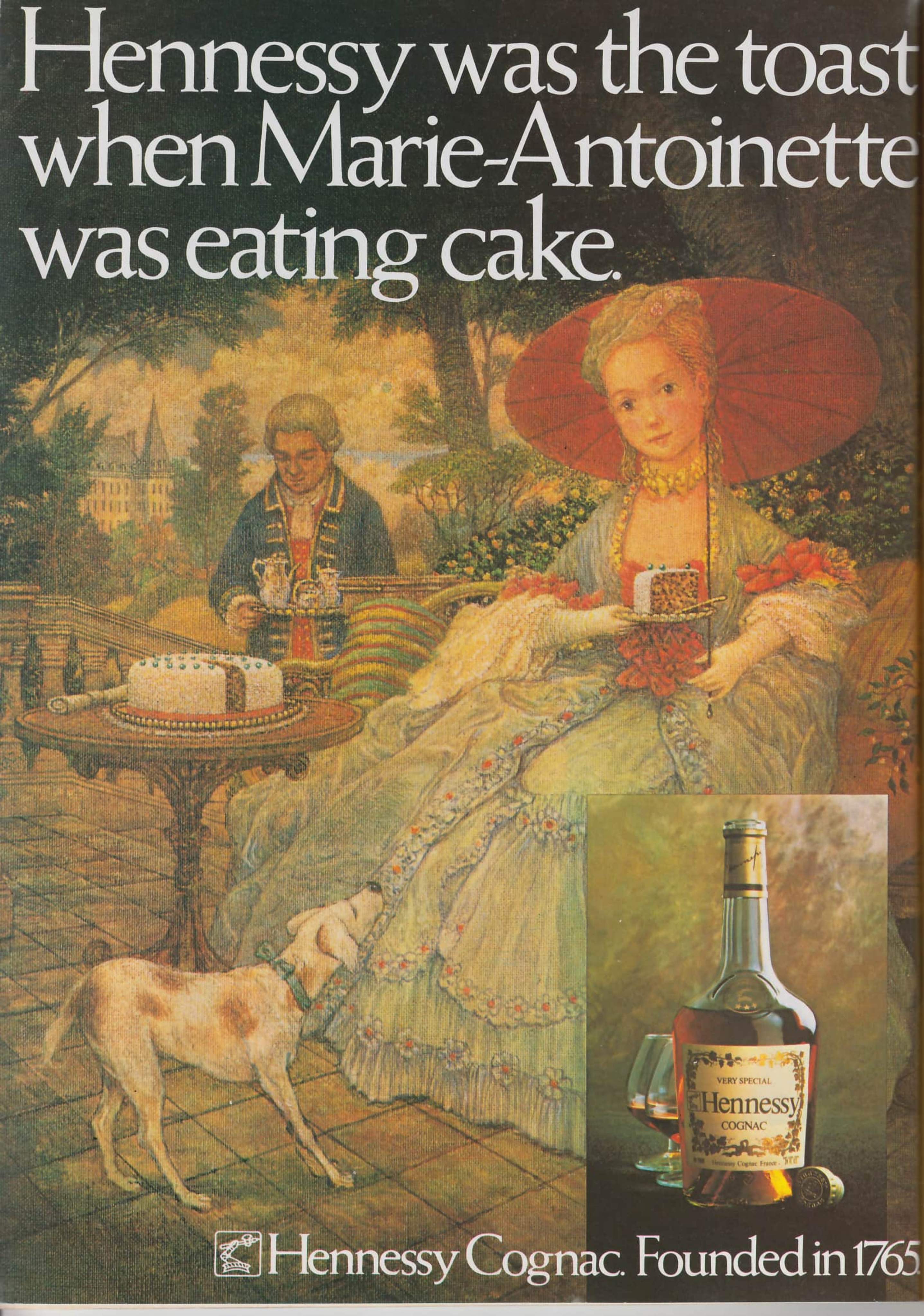
Fiona's Yorkshire-born father wanted to name his daughter Fiona, but her French mother preferred Florence. The battle raged for more than a week and finally male supremacy and Yorkshire single-mindedness prevailed, and in 1958 the week-old redhead was named Fiona Florence Wilson.

'It was very confusing for me', complains Fiona, 'because my father called me Fiona, but my mother still insisted on calling me Florence.'

But even more confusing for young Fiona was her mother's habit of speaking to her in her native French. The end result was that Fiona Florence could speak perfect English with a Yorkshire accent and perfect Parisian French. She excelled in French lessons and left school with top grades in French O and A levels, a 39-34-37 figure, and little else. But her natural attributes assured her of a career.

'I've always enjoyed travelling', Fiona confessed, 'so with my bilingual ability it seemed obvious I should become a courier. It's really interesting – I've worked in France on the Riviera as well as in Britain at a few popular tourist locations.' Another aspect of her work Fiona enjoys is the opportunities it gives her of meeting many different people. 'I can't recall a time I've been without a boyfriend for very long', admits the lucky Fiona, 'and I don't really want to tie myself down with one man – not for a long time anyway. Well, would you settle down with one woman if you had a fairly constant supply of girlfriends? I bet most men wouldn't. Besides if I got married I'd always be open to temptation, and one day I'm sure I'd succumb.'

Perhaps Fiona's ample curves are partly to blame for her regular supply of male admirers. 'That's possible', admits Fiona, her complexion turning to the same colour as her hair. 'But I think it's the colour of my hair which really fascinates boyfriends. It's pretty obvious that they want to find out for themselves if the colour really is genuine and the ones I do let discover the perfect match seem to regard it as a great conquest. I think every man wants at some time to date a real redhead, and more than once I've been asked to give a cutting of my hair as a memento. I suppose I should encourage visitors to collect souvenirs.'


Hennessy was the toast when Marie-Antoinette was eating cake.
VERY SPECIAL
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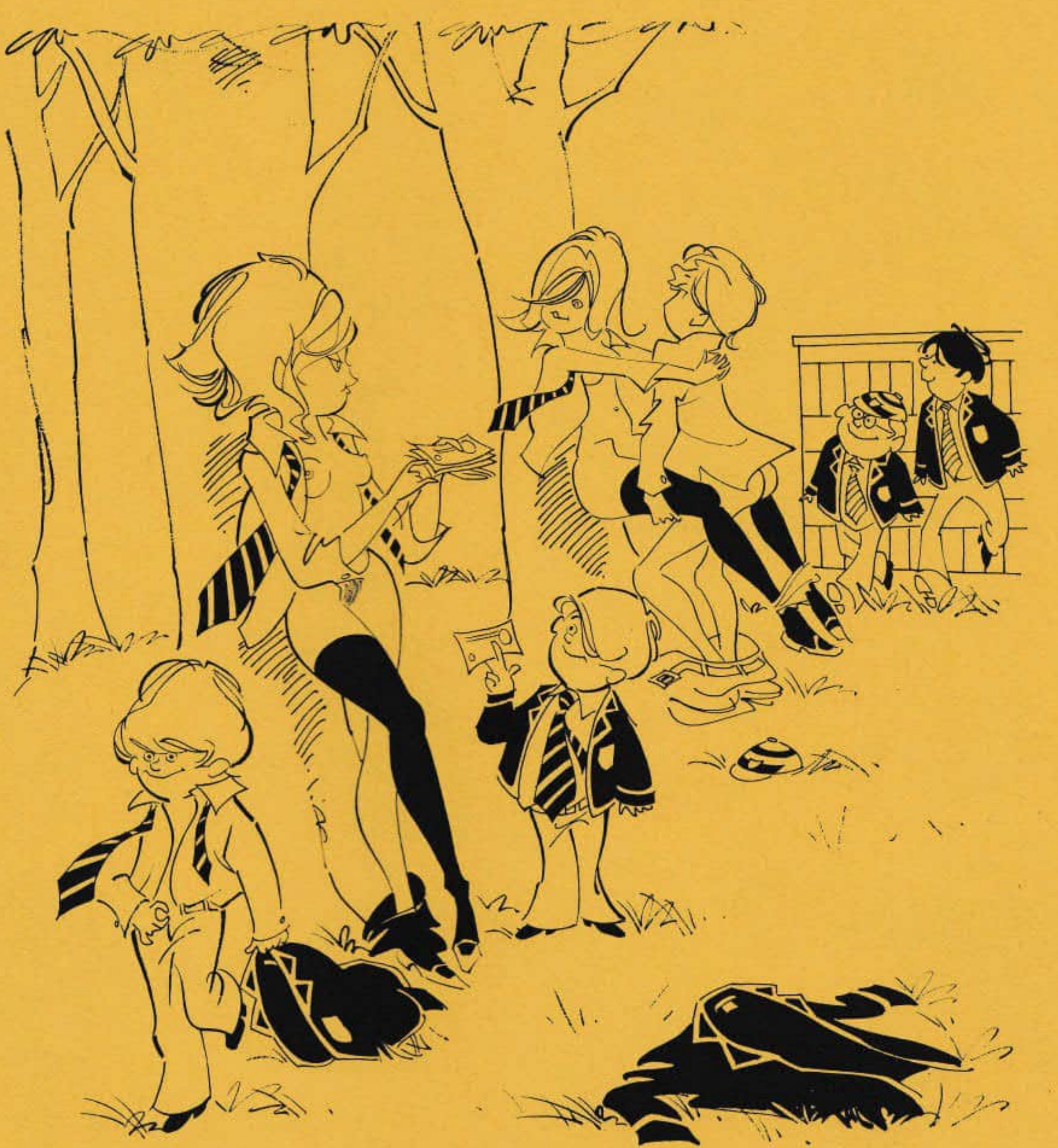
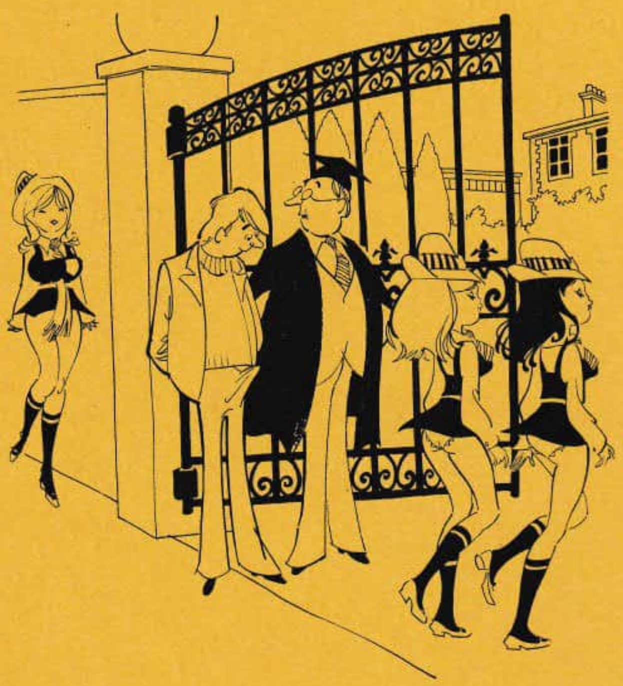
COGNAC
Hennessy Cognac France
Hennessy Cognac. Founded in 1765.



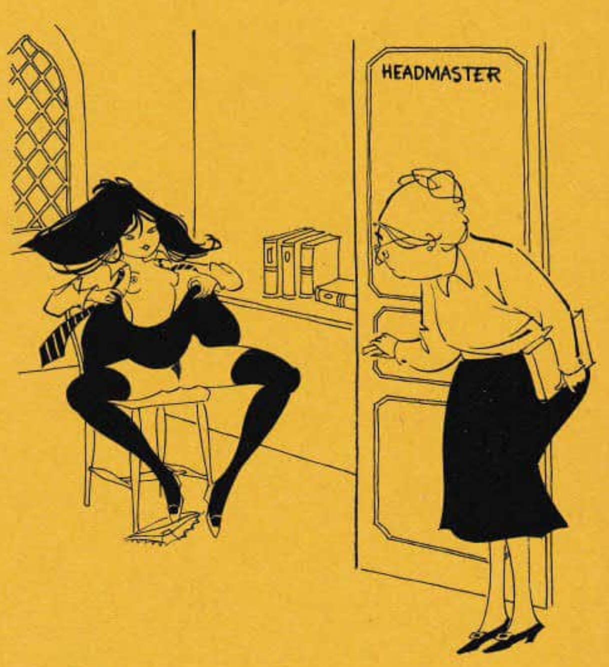
'That's what I missed during the holidays – school dinner money.'

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

With the start of a new
school term, cartoonist Paul White,
proves he's on top form

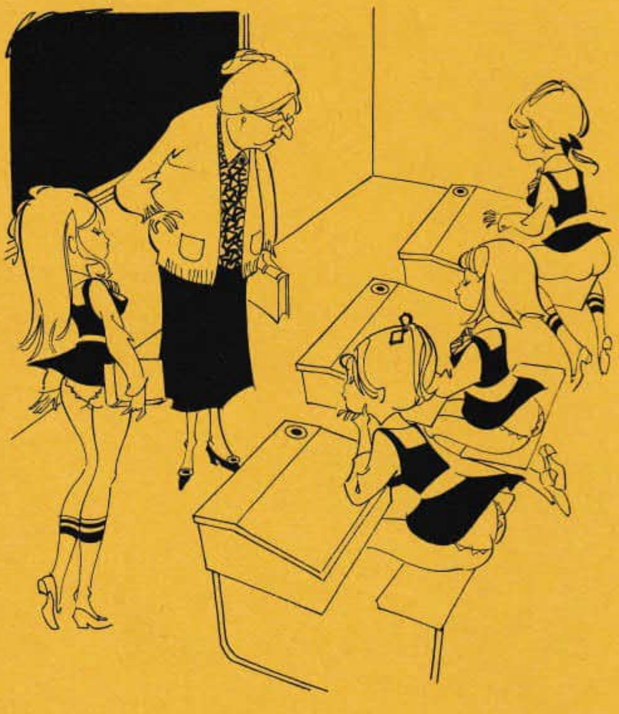


'I'm sure you'll rise to the occasion on this your first term with us.'

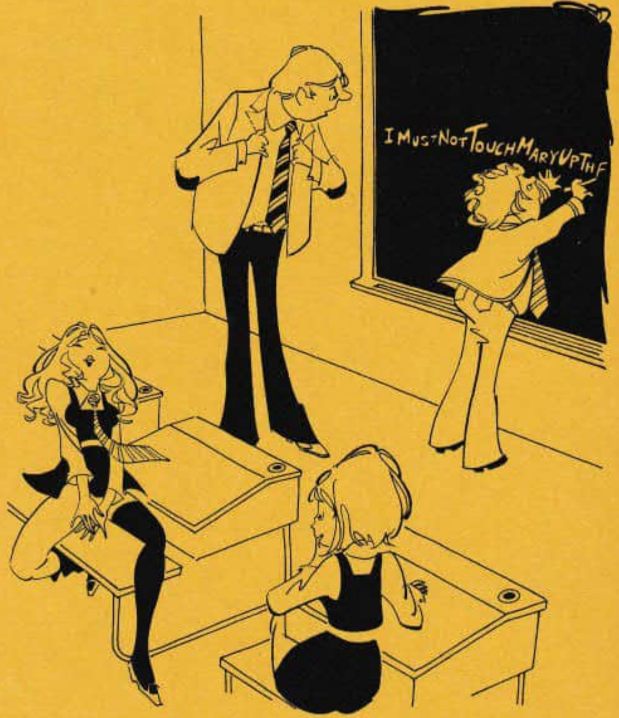


HEADMASTER

'If I'm going to be spanked I thought I might as well enjoy it.'

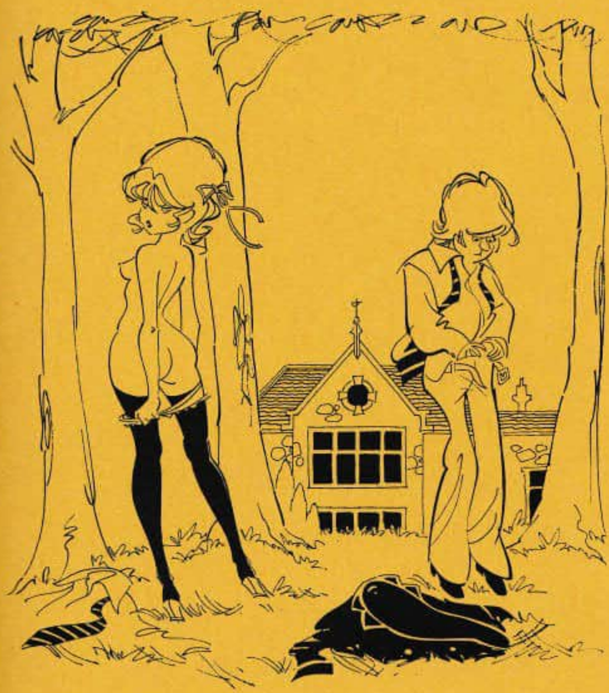


'And this term the headmaster wants a little less cheek – it's bad for his heart.'

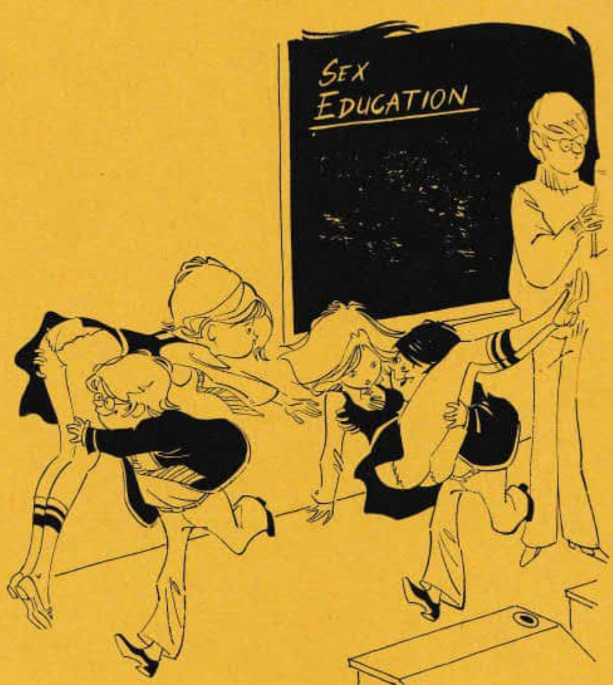


I MUST-NOT TOUCH MARY UP THE

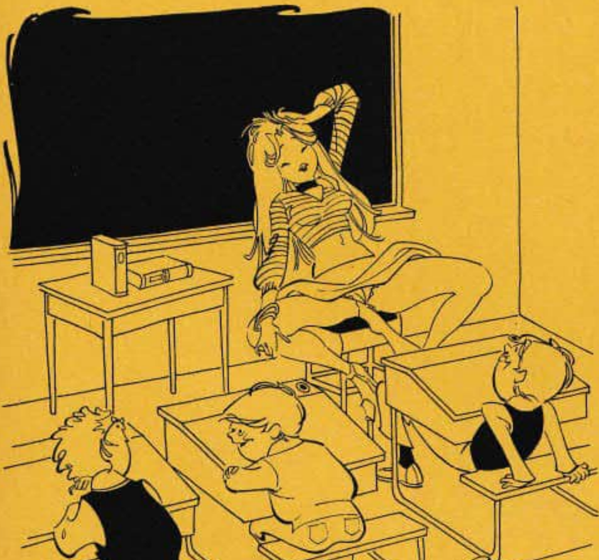
'"I must not touch Mary" will be sufficient, Ronald.'

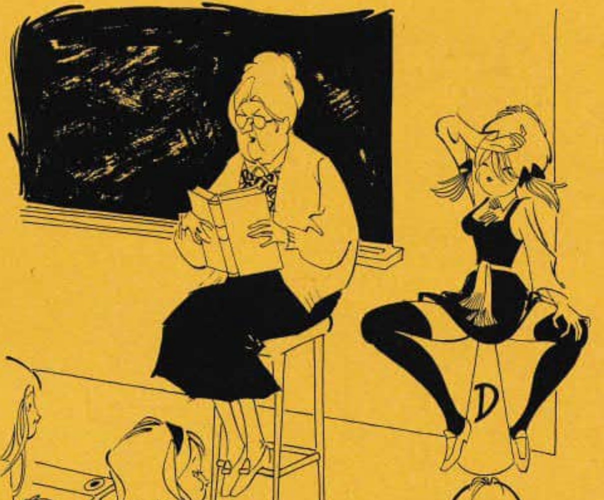


'I suppose that all that talk of where you went on your holidays is only half true, too!'



'Usually I detest homework.'





'Now do you see why they call him teacher's pet?'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Night after night, or rather morning after morning, the woman's naked footsteps in the sand revealed the physical truth: they led from the woman's tent to the man's marking out a path of love. The man, a pillar, though a rebellious one, of England's Victorian society, wrote erotic poems to commemorate his grand passion:

'She is the ideal for which I have all my life been waiting,' he recorded. 'She cares for nothing really but for love, an oriental woman whose life is to be kissed and kiss.'

Terrific, no? Terrific, yes! Except that the lady was no oriental *femme fatale*, either, but a member of one of the most influential families in Britain, confidante of a prime minister-to-be and wife of an eleventh earl – admittedly, an unfaithful one. And the love life of that desert party in the shadow of Egypt's ancient pyramids continued. It continued – revealing footsteps and all – when her husband was there, having temporarily forsaken his mistress. Even when the man's wife joined the merry throng, too.

Good stuff for a novel, you might suppose, set among the libertines of modern France or swinging London.

Except that Queen Victoria really was upon the throne when the events I describe took place.

In private, however, life among our lords and masters was as different as could be. There's a tale that one of Queen Victoria's ladies-in-waiting asked what fornication meant and whether the working class went in for it. When she was told what it meant and assured that they did, she commented, 'Well, it's far too good for 'em.'

From this month's amazing true revelations, you can see what she had in mind and why. And what a turn-up for the book that it's taken Lord Longford's wife, the biographer Elizabeth Longford (she's already done Wellington, Lord Byron and Queen Victoria herself) to reveal some of its long-hidden depths in her biography of the 19th century poet and political rebel, Wilfred Scawen Blunt, **A Pilgrimage of Passion** (Weidenfeld, £8.95).

Blunt was English upper class: his cousins were earls and marquesses, baronets and lords. His wife was Lord Byron's grand-daughter. And though in his time he'd whored among the street girls, and shared for many years a courtesan, first with Napoleon III and later with the Prince of Wales, in truth he rarely copulated below his rank. Rarely fucked out of the family either – most of his mistresses were cousins: and his family was big enough to supply well over a score of bed-mates throughout his married life.

In reading this remarkable saga, based on secret diaries only recently available for study (Blunt, who kept them, died over 50 years ago) I counted more than 25 named mistresses.

Before his marriage, a mere four ladies' names are recorded – in Spain, France and South America, during tours of duty as a British diplomat. The fourth, a married woman, actually sat weeping at the back of the fashionable London church where Blunt was wed.

Not that marriage in any way affected Blunt's amorous career. While his wife was pregnant and unwell, he took a rest cure on the isle of Madeira – the idyll lasted until the lady's husband came out for a rest cure of his own.

Then he turned to one of the most pious women in his family – two of her sisters were already nuns and a daughter was to take vows also. Lady Longford thinks this mistress silenced her conscience with thoughts that at least her cousin was committing adultery with a religious woman.

All Blunt thought about, on the other hand, was a successful chase. Those grand old Victorian country house parties, in those grand old Victorian country houses were naturally happy hunting grounds for him.

He'd exploit local flora and fauna, too. One sexy autumn his technique was to lead the lady of his choice to gaze upon the rutting stags.

As for creaking floorboards and uncarpeted floors, he recorded in his secret diary: 'To me such midnight perils have always been attractive.'

One escapade involved a bride so new that the ink had hardly dried on her marriage certificate. This one culminated with farcical hotel scenes in London: she pushed Blunt out at her bedroom door as her vengeful brothers stormed into her sitting room. What Blunt didn't know, however, was that a second lover had been secreted in her bedroom. That affair threatened to lead to a nasty divorce scandal: when the Victorians decided to be censorious, they did it in heavy depth. Only his longstanding mistress, the famous Victorian courtesan Skittles, saved him – she persuaded one of her other gentlemen, Edward Prince of Wales to warn the parties not to cite Blunt.

Blunt never stopped living and loving dangerously. He courted fate during an affair with novelist Angelina Lamb by renting their love-nest near Victoria Station – recklessly close to his family flat.

How did his wife put up with all these shenanigans?

At first she was compassionate. She seemed to feel that his love for her wasn't diluted by such wholesale infidelities. And though at one time she really did explode, later she swallowed again – and agreed to invite his mistresses to their country house. Only towards the end of their marriage did Blunt himself actually complain that her presence was driving his other women away!

And still the amorous flow continued. With Clementine Churchill's mother. With Prime Minister Asquith's wife-to-be ('I think she was weary of her virginity,' Blunt told his diary).

He ended his days in a semi-scandalous liaison with an 'adopted niece,' a girl 40 years his junior.

Blunt once complained that crinolines made love-making 'ridiculously impossible.' But it wasn't the change in ladies' fashions that made so many women's bodies (and hearts) suddenly accessible to him.

There really was a new spirit in the air. Meanwhile we should remember Blunt for his hedonistic passions, which were remarkable for the fire of real love he brought to each individual woman he seduced. Who, I wonder, is his *feminine* equivalent today?

The illustration, above, of 'Fred', a Hunslet Austerity 0-6-0ST engine running on the Keighley & Worth Valley Railway, is one of 40 colour plates contained in **Preserved Steam Railways of Britain,** *by Colin Garratt and published by Blandford Press, £4.95. The Austerities are the most numerous preserved locomotives in the world.*

EXOTIC LOVE GAMES

Announcing a major addition to the *Mayfair* Book Society! *Exotic Love Games* is a lavishly illustrated full-colour manual of unusual love-making positions

Joining the ranks of the *Mayfair* Book Society this month is a limpback edition which we believe is destined to become our best-seller of all time. *Exotic Love Games* contains more than 100 full-colour photographs of a couple who obviously enjoy their intimate union, and will prove a positive boon to anyone wishing to learn more about the intimacies of sexual contact. Each explicit photo is accompanied by text which helps the connoisseur understand the intricacies of balance and movement necessary to get full enjoyment from sex. In many ways *Exotic Love Games* is a complementary edition to our other favourite manual, *Sexual Techniques*, though of a more explicit and erotic nature. You will marvel at some positions, disbelieve others, but chances are you'll wish to try them all. *Love Games*, we believe, will open up new sexual horizons among partners and those who appreciate the act of love.
Price £5.85

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR MAN IN BED

Despite its title, this witty and understanding book has proved of equal value to both men and women. Now women can discover how to get the sexual best from their men, whilst the latter may gain a better understanding of female sexual response and sexual drives. Recommended for liberated couples intent on improving and enlarging their sex lives.
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THE TAO OF LOVE AND SEX

Ancient China's answer to the *Kama Sutra* and the *Perfumed Garden*, this book reveals the thousand-year-old Oriental techniques of sexual fulfilment. Accompanied by many erotic illustrations, the text deals with all the many aspects of intercourse, the conquest of impotence, sex between young women and older men and reveals the many facets of erotic kissing. A powerful and provocative work.
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MORE JOY OF SEX

If you read Dr Alex Comfort's first smash-hit sex guide *Joy of Sex*, you'll need no second bidding to read this, the best-selling sequel which is even franker, harder-hitting and more erotically informative than its predecessor. With the aid of over one hundred sensuous pictures, many of them in full colour, Dr Comfort describes the passion and excitement of the many and varied acts of love. Even fringe areas of sex like three-somes and wife-swapping are discussed in intimate detail.
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The Mayfair Book Society

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DEAR DOC

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THE PILLOW BOOK

Here at last is the British edition of a masterpiece of Far Eastern erotica containing more than three hundred highly original and highly arousing 'naughty pictures'. This book is sure to add a new and stirring dimension to all of your sexual activities regardless of whether you share its contents with your partner or choose to linger over its pleasures at your own leisure as you savour the sensual visual delights gathered from all over the world which are at best oft-banned and more often closeted in exclusive private collections.
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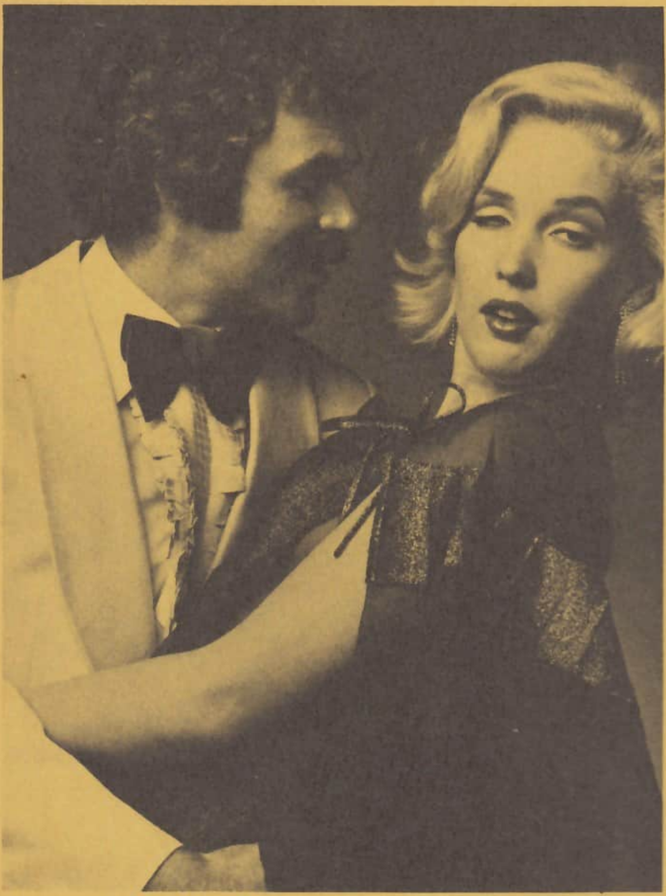
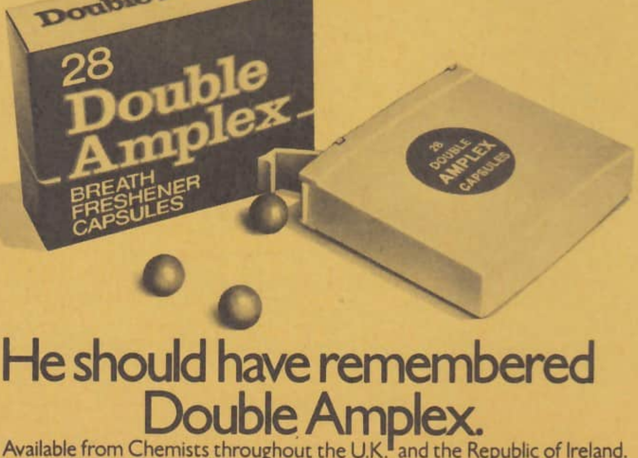


Phillip gave her everything
a romantic dinner,
a gold ankle bracelet,
all his best lines,
and his bad breath.
Sorry Phil.



He should have remembered
Double Amplex.
Available from Chemists throughout the U.K. and the Republic of Ireland.

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

***♡♡♡**The Hardcore Life** (X), 1 hr 47 mins. 'We offer nude, body-to-body contact,' intones a topless brunette massage parlour receptionist. 'Any arrangements you may care to make with the girl in the cubicle is entirely up to you.' A customer drops a coin into a wall slot and a panel slides upward over a glass partition. On the other side sits a nude girl. 'Hi, how are you?' she calls into a telephone and immediately spreads her legs, lifting her high heels and crashing them against the glass. Meanwhile on the floor of a motel bedroom two naked girls and a man writhe pinkly for a porno film camera.

'Spread those legs wider,' the young director orders his starlet and, turning to an assistant: 'Run and get the "come" capsule; he's almost ready!' Scenes from a half-fascinated, half-appalled look at America's sex industry by director Paul (*Blue Collar*) Schrader. George C Scott is the strict Calvinist mid-Westerner whose teenage daughter vanishes at a young churchgoers' conference in Los Angeles. Weeks later she turns up – in a blue film being ravished by two youths. When Scott discovers the private detective he's hired (Peter Boyle) in flagrente delicto with a bosomy young 'contact', he takes over the case himself, posing as a blue movie producer and going on an extended odyssey through the garish world of porn. Gritty and realistic rather than deliberately prurient, it's well worth a visit.

****♡**Alien** (X) 1 hr 56 mins. En route to Earth, the crew of a space tug as gigantic and convincing as anything in *Star Wars*, are alerted by what appears to be an SOS signal from a nearby planet. Landing, they discover the vast petrified wreck of a non-human spaceship. Inside its cavernous hold are hundreds of leathery egg-like objects. When crewmember John Hurt bends to examine one a spider-like creature flies out, clamping itself over his face. Later, back in space, the creature appears to die, Kane (Hurt) revives, seemingly unharmed. Until, over a meal, a small, ferocious lizard-like monster emerges from Kane's stomach, killing him and vanishing with a screech into the ship. If your own stomach can survive the horrifically convincing special effects, then you will enjoy – if that's the word – the finest, most spectacular suspense thriller in years.

English director Ridley Scott's direction is nerve-wrackingly precise but the film's triumph is the alien itself. Doubly horrific because it is never more than glimpsed, as it prowls the huge ship, growing in size and seizing crewmember after crewmember, it was based on designs by surrealist painter H R Giger. There are impressions of a hard carapace, leathery hands, tentacles and endless rows of steely teeth darting at impossible speed. And it is, of course, totally unkillable. *Jaws in Space*, it may be, but *Alien* is also a unique and disturbing imaginative experience. Do not miss it.

***♡**Scum** (X), 1 hr 36 mins. This is in fact the TV play banned by the BBC, but now re-made as a cinema film, which takes a blistering and extremely brutal look at the Borstal system. Following two new inmates, Carlin (Ray Winstone) who eventually becomes unofficial 'daddy' of the institution, and Davis (Julian Firth) who is crushed by it and commits suicide, the film tries to show how violence – from officers as much as inmates – runs the system. Overblown in parts (an officer looks on in unsurprised glee while a boy is raped), the tale still makes its point.

***♡♡♡**A Different Story** (AA), 1 hr 47 mins. Is this the final possible variation on the basic Love Story – a homosexual and a lesbian become room-mates for convenience sake, fall drunkenly into the same bed one night and end up married? It sounds like a bad joke but is in fact whimsical, unembarrassing, funny and occasionally very frank. Meg Foster is the butch heroine, Perry King her fey boyfriend.

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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

Since the name of Mayfair magazine is British to the core, and readers of *Mayfair* are obviously British and proud of it (after all you are not reading a magazine named after an American attic), let us fly the Union Jack and tell of four eminently English eating-places.

Nothing could be more English than **The English House** in Milner Street, Chelsea (Tel: 01-584 3002), where Malcom Livingstone has taken one of those delightful Chelsea townhouses and refurbished it with padded silk wall coverings and a plethora of flower decorations, beautifully illuminated by candelabra on each table. The soft lighting of the tallow candles is so much more effective than the hard light from paraffin wax candles.

Advance booking is essential and, if you are fortunate enough to get a table, you will pay £12 to £15 per head for dishes such as steak and kidney pie, fish pie, saddle of lamb, and other perennials.

If you wish to be looked after by a Lord whilst you dine, then how about the **Caviar Bar and Restaurant** at Knightsbridge Green, 22 Brompton Road, SW1 (Tel: 01-589 8772), where Viscount Newport is regularly observed supervising his extensively refurbished unique establishment? The good-looking restaurant is decorated in cream and silver, is air-conditioned and is the sort of place that a Lord could live in, and in fact Viscount Newport can be seen enjoying a plate of his own good fish each evening.

How much does it all cost, you ask? Well, you could enjoy 30 grams of Caviar Presse for £3.90, but the normal helping of 40 grams of Sevruga Caviar costs £6.30, together with the complementary chopped egg and onion trimmings, and copious supplies of hot toast. Main courses are mainly priced at between £4 and £6, although a half of a 2lb lobster will cost £12.50.

Who knows where two people can obtain an entrecote charcoal-grilled steak served with herbs and spicy butter sauce, crisp french fries and a tossed mixed green salad, followed by a dessert and a coffee, together with a bottle of French Champagne, for a total inclusive price of £17.50 in the West End of London? Well, at **Rowley's Restaurant,** 42 Baker Street, W1 (Tel: 01-935 3159), even Sherlock Holmes would have been pleased to discover this bargain.

With the deal goes the accompaniment of a delightful girl singer who plays guitar and sees you through till early morning whilst you enjoy the food in the modern air-conditioned setting.

The secret of this most economical offering is the intelligent management of *Rowley's*, and to take the credit England has imported a Frenchman, Didier Milinaire, who has devised this good value deal.

What more English than **Bumble's** (16 Buckingham Palace Rd, Victoria, SW1. Tel: 01-828 2903)? Instant attention and service; clean tables, and private high backed benched cubicles. A very interesting English menu; and a wine card that would surprise you with its content and calibre, if you didn't know that your proprietor is John Forbes, a wine and food buff, who has just opened the *Bonne Bouche* wine and cheese take-away shop next door at No 14, with its stress on Dorset's Blue Vinny, Stilton in jars and traditional cheddar. In spite of the French names a large selection of English wines complement the choice from other countries.

Our final piece of robust news for you concerns any person who is wandering through Kensington wondering what to do because the **Admiral Codrington** has done it again! By that, we mean not only can you be insulted in greater comfort than they have offered in the past, but in the courtyard at the rear of the pub they have installed a tantalising mobile barbecue.

The atmosphere of this pub is both rigorous and meaningful – I always say that if I am going to have Guinness spilt over me anywhere, I'd rather it happened at the *Codrington.*

At 4.30 Harry sets up the Bacardi for the evening rush.
LIGHT-DRY
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4.30 is Harry's busy time. That's when his customers come at him in waves, or rather out of them.

Harry's customers spend lunchtime in the shade, working up to some strenuous sunbathing in mid-afternoon. Then after a hectic couple of hours sleeping on the beach, it's 4.30 and they're more than ready for a cool Bacardi rum and "Coke," with lots of ice.

Harry likes to have it ready for them, so he's not rushed off his feet.

Bacardi rum. The one from the sun.

The 'Phantom Major' Stirling and his small band of SAS commandos inflicted more damage on Rommel's desert campaign than any other British unit. By a stroke of bad luck they were captured and Hitler ordered their extermination

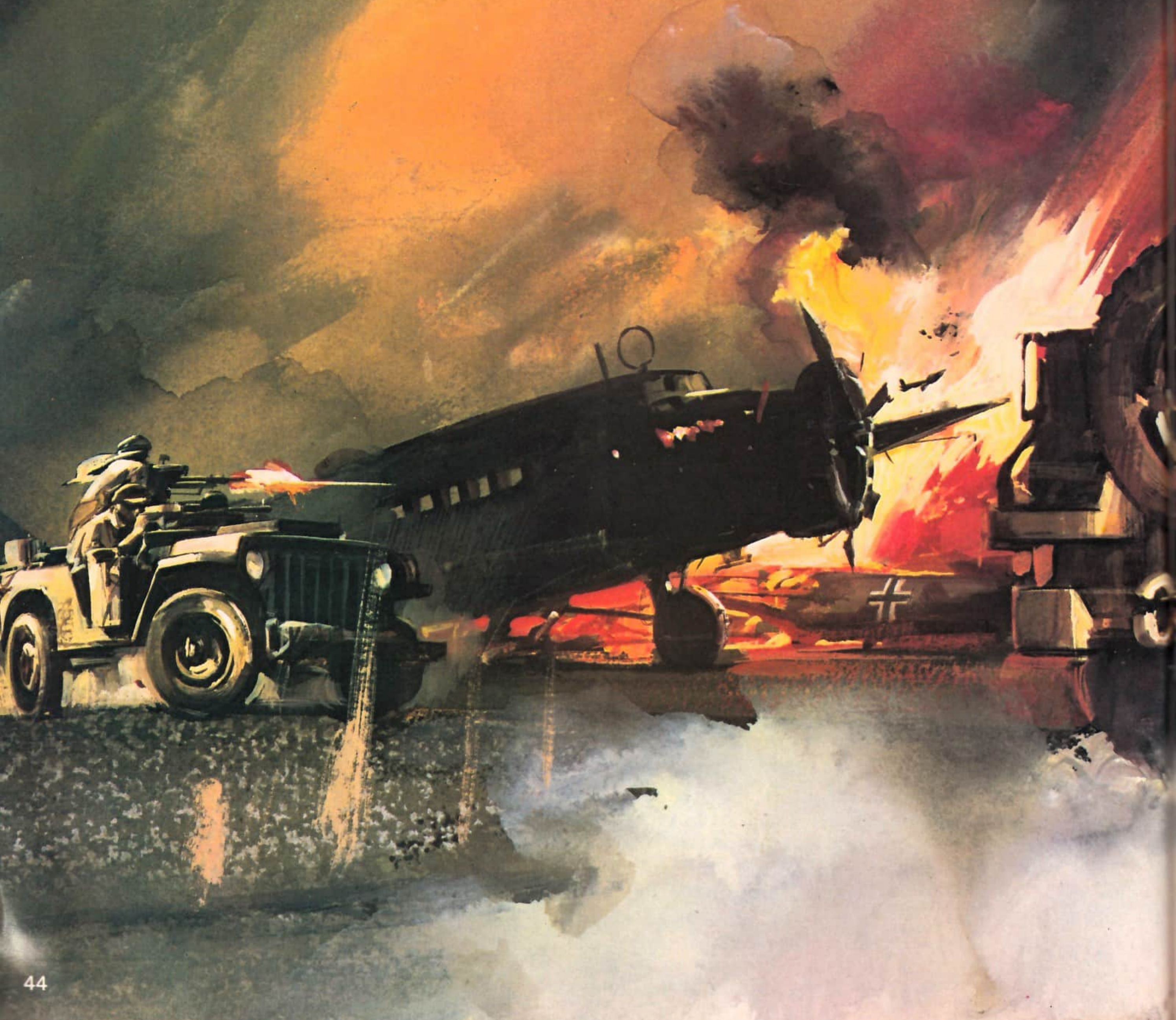
FLYING PHANTOMS OF THE DESERT

By Tony Jeeves

On a late summer night in 1942, eighteen Jeeps in line abreast moved slowly over the rough desert north of the Qattara Depression in Egypt. In each of the heavily armed vehicles, gunners clutched their machine guns for support and fiddled nervously with the safety catches. The small British force was deep behind German lines and heading for Luftwaffe Landing Ground 12, the airfield at Sidi Haneish which was serving as Rommel's main staging ground.

Reconnaissance had shown that the airfield was always full of aircraft, mainly the three-engined Junkers series 52 transport planes which were vital to the German war effort and were in short supply.

Suddenly, half a mile in front of the Jeeps, the airfield lit up. The reaction that came first was that the raiders had been spotted and that this was the first retaliation to attack. Then they heard the deep rumble of aircraft engines and realised that a German bomber was on its final approach. In the middle Jeep a very tall man in Major's uniform ordered his driver to accelerate and the line of vehicles headed for the runway. They were less than a hundred yards from the strip when the bomber touched down. The machine guns of the Major's Jeep opened fire followed immediately by the combined roar of the guns of the remainder of the British force. Sixty-eight guns were soon in full song and streams of white and red tracer bullets were pouring onto the airfield. Instantly, the airfield's lights were extinguished and



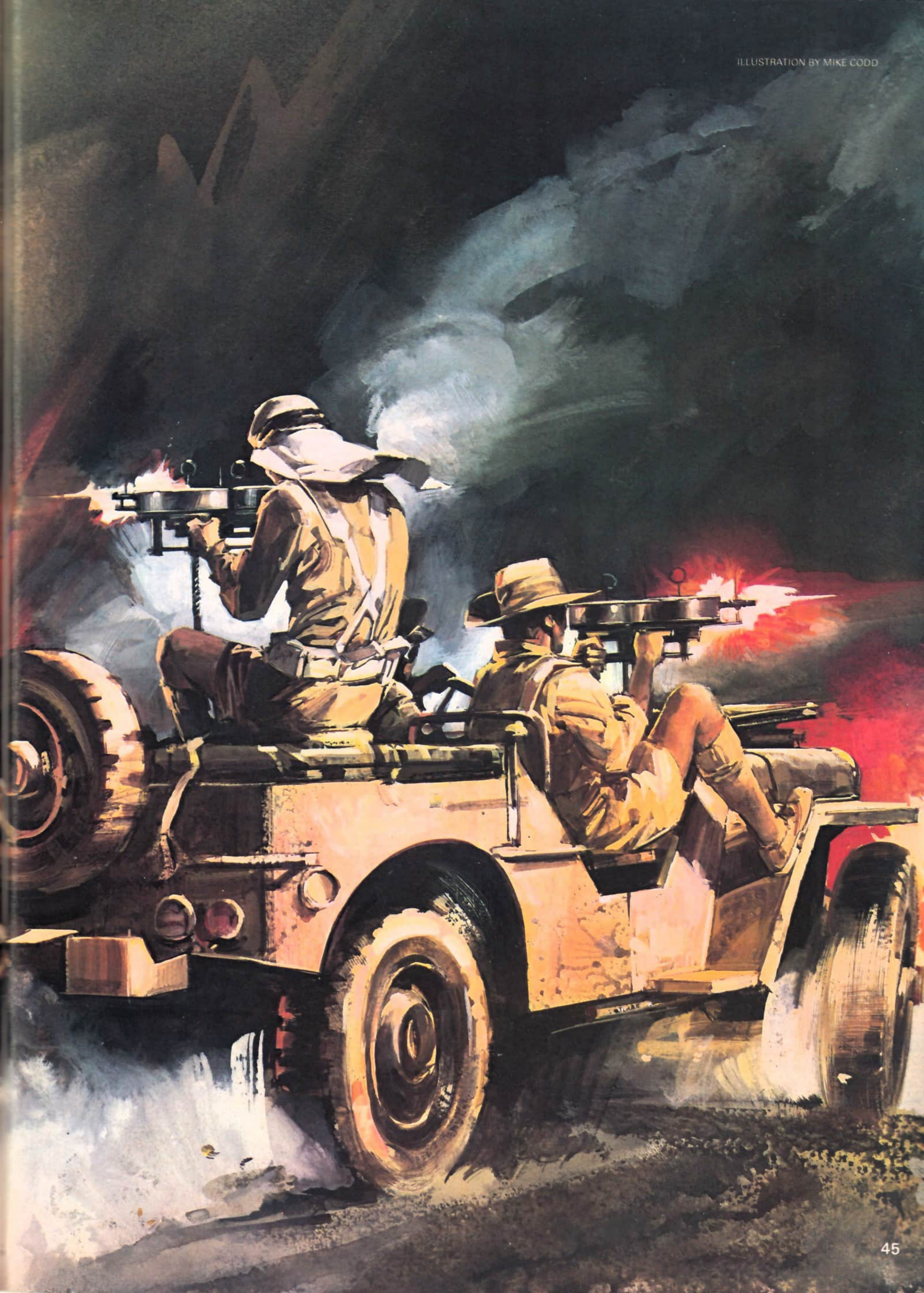


ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE CODD

the scene was once again in total darkness. The tall Major David Stirling, nicknamed by the Germans 'the Phantom Major' and one of the most wanted men in the desert, fired a green Very light and his Jeeps drove onto the tarmac airstrip and moved between rows of parked aircraft. Their guns hammered away and thousands of bullets swept into fuselages and wings. Slowly fires took a hold on the aircraft, and the flames took over from where the runway lights had left off. The British troops could see German soldiers running to their action stations and the shadows of more aircraft parked at dispersal points around the perimeter of the airstrip.

The Germans retaliated. A mortar bomb burst between the two rows of moving Jeeps, then a Breda cannon started thudding as it fired shells at the attackers. Stirling's Jeep was hit by a splinter, no one was hurt but the column came to a halt as its crew were picked up by another vehicle. The Breda was knocked out and Stirling halted the column in the middle of the airfield for a brief conference. A check of ammunition showed that nearly every Jeep was running low, but there was enough to take care of the aircraft on the perimeter before breaking out of the airstrip.

The column turned onto the perimeter track and made a wide circle of the airfield. All the aircraft on the perimeter were the important Junkers 52s and each was machine gunned as the Jeeps swept past. These were quickly destroyed and the signal was given to retreat. On the way out the column passed a small dispersal area and the Jeeps' gunners turned their attention to tents and airfield buildings. A moment later and the Jeeps were back in the rough desert, protected by relative darkness. Behind they left a roaring inferno of blazing aircraft. The Special Air Service had struck again!

The raiders had destroyed somewhere between forty and fifty German aircraft that night at the cost of three Jeeps and one man killed. It brought the total of enemy aircraft knocked out by the SAS in the Western Desert to 256. For some time the SAS had been a thorn in Rommel's side and the new mobility offered by the sturdy little Jeeps with their phenomenal armament indicated that the thorn was going to become more of an irritant than ever.

David Stirling conceived the idea of a new kind of raiding force while lying paralysed in a Cairo Hospital bed after his parachute had failed to open properly. He spent hours reviewing his experiences with Layforce, the large command unit founded originally by Major Robert Laycock. But Layforce had been disbanded because commando-type operations involving large numbers of men had proved ineffective in the desert. Stirling came to the conclusion that very small, highly mobile units, striking at the enemy from deep behind his own lines could be far more effective than the unwieldy formations used by Layforce. He worked hard on his plans and soon the bed and floor of his hospital ward were covered with maps of the desert and notes on his planned tactics. The desert was an ideal place for this kind of operation, most of the fighting was confined to the coastal strip bordered on one side by the sea and on the other by enormous areas of hostile desert. His plans called for small groups of well trained men to be dropped by parachute well behind the enemy lines where they would lose themselves in the desert by day and attack the relatively lightly defended airfields and depots by night. He proposed an initial force of sixty men who would have enough ammunition to wipe out the entire Axis airforce in the desert.

SAS founder: The 'Phantom Major' Stirling.

Stirling did not intend that his idea should be lost in a pile of bumpf on a desk in Cairo. Instead he planned to go straight to the Commander in Chief. He turned up at Middle East HQ, still on his crutches, and an attempt at bluffing the sentry to let him in did not work so, when the sentry's attention was diverted by another visitor, Stirling nipped behind his back and hobbled into the building. His only hope now was to quickly find a high-ranking officer and try to interest him in his plans before he was thrown out.

The first door he opened led to the office of a Major and the reception he gave Stirling was less than cordial, and after a heated exchange, Stirling found himself back in the corridor. He decided to try one more door, and came face to face with General Ritchie, Deputy Commander Middle East. Stirling apologised for his unannounced arrival and gave an outline of his ideas. Ritchie was interested and Stirling left him having received a promise that the ideas would be studied further and put before the C-in-C.

The Commander in Chief at that time was General Auchinleck. His resources for the Middle East campaign were scarce but he was quick to see that Stirling's ideas held the promise of making returns that would outweigh the value of the resources allocated to the project. He gave permission for the recruitment of sixty-six men from the former Layforce and for the establishment of a training camp in the Canal zone. The first objective of the new unit was to be German front-line airfields and the raids would be planned to coincide with an offensive due to start in November 1941.

The unit would report direct to the Commander in Chief and would be called 'L' Detachment, Special Air Service Brigade, with the intention of confusing the enemy into thinking the unit was much larger than it was. Among the first officers he recruited to his new force were former Oxford 'blue' Jock Lewes and Irish Rugby International Blair 'Paddy' Mayne. Stirling was very careful in his choice of recruits and round a small nucleus of very able officers he built the first Special Air Service group.

The first SAS raid was planned for the night of November 17. Auchinleck was due to launch an attack to relieve the beleaguered garrison at Tobruk on the eighteenth and Stirling was to carry out raids on five airfields in the Tmimi-Gazala area in the hope of destroying most of Rommel's front-line fighter support.

The raids were a disaster and although they could very easily have put paid to the SAS permanently, they in fact taught some useful lessons. The plan was to parachute in on the night of the sixteenth and observe targets before making the raid the following night. Weather reports for the operation were confusing but Stirling decided to risk bad weather and go ahead.

When the aircraft reached the dropping zone the wind was gusting at up to ninety miles an hour. On the flight in, the aircraft had to take evasive action to avoid ground fire and this had confused navigation. To make matters even worse, it was almost impossible to make positive identification of the landing area as swirling sand was blotting out what landmarks there were. When the drop was made, parachutes were blown miles into the desert, most of the supplies were lost and some of the men were never seen again. Of the sixty men who set out on the raid, only twenty-two were able to make the rendezvous with the Long Range Desert Group (LRDG) for the return trip.

Learning from this bitter experience, Stirling rethought his tactics. As the LRDG were prepared to transport the force after a raid, why not use this or a similar outfit to transport the SAS to their objective? The LRDG agreed and the first raid under this new arrangement was made from Jalo Oasis. Its objective was the destruction of some of the Axis airfields around Benghazi. This new role for the LRDG marked a change of tactics for the Group, because officially their function was one of reconnaissance. Their brief was to observe the enemy, but to keep out of its way and avoid any offensive action, quite the opposite of the SAS's function.

Close to the target airfield, the party led by Stirling and Mayne was spotted by an Italian reconnaissance aircraft. Stirling knew he had lost the element of surprise and so split his party and sent half with Paddy Mayne to attack the newly-built airstrip at Tamit, thirty miles from the original objective. Stirling's party went on to

turn to page 49

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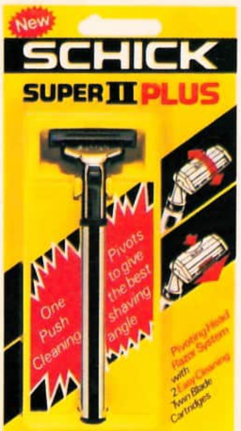
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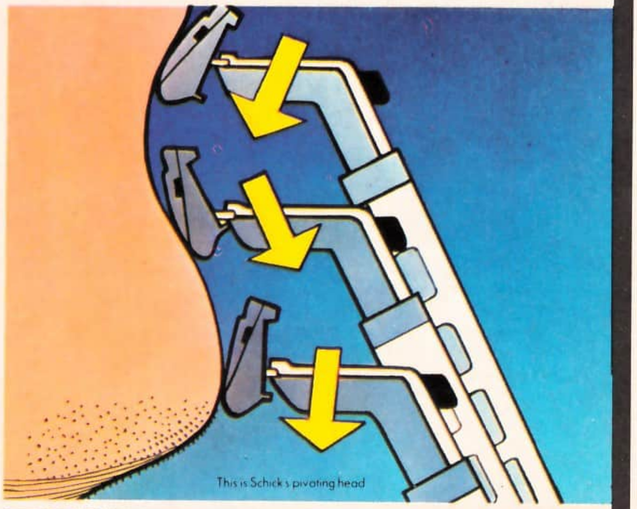

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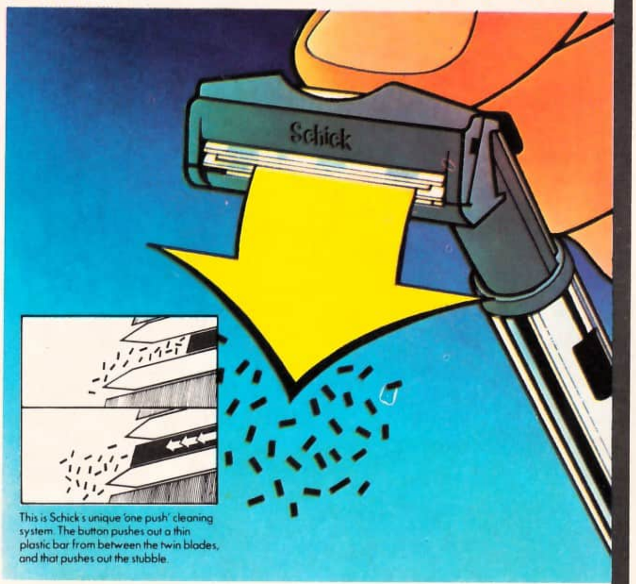

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Flying phantoms of the desert

continued from page 46

Sirte by foot. They lay up during the day close to the airstrip and watched as the aircraft took off. By nightfall, all the aircraft had left and the airfield was deserted. Either as part of a previous plan or because they had been alarmed at the approach of a British force, the Italians had evacuated the base.

Mayne was luckier. His raid lasted only fifteen minutes. The SAS party had walked onto the airfield and made its way to a group of buildings on one side of the strip. A faint light showed from under the door and Mayne could hear laughter coming from what was presumably the officers' mess. Flinging open the door, he sprayed the crowded interior with bullets from his Tommy gun. He shot out the lights and ordered four of his men to keep the ensuing mini-battle going until he and the rest of the SAS party returned from bombing the aircraft.

They planted all their bombs but found there was one aircraft still standing untouched. Not liking this, Mayne leapt into the cockpit and ripped out the instrument panel with his bare hands.

Lewes had shared Stirling's poor luck with his raid on Agheila. The field turned out to be merely a staging post and housed no aircraft overnight. Unwilling to return to base without having struck a blow against the enemy, he persuaded his LRDG escorts that the party should raid a nearby roadhouse that was known to be a VIP conference point. Among his transport he had an Italian Lancia truck which, while being hopeless for travel in the desert, provided good camouflage for his purposes. They waited hidden alongside the road and when the first enemy convoy approached, he drove the Lancia onto its tail, followed by the other British vehicles.

On the approach to the roadhouse, the British vehicles went unnoticed by the rest of the convoy. However, things went wrong when an alert sentry at the roadhouse spotted the British markings and raised the alarm. The SAS were enveloped in a hail of fire and while half the party kept the defenders occupied, the remainder dashed into the nearby transport park where they were able to plant bombs on thirty vehicles before being forced to retreat.

A few days later, a four-man attack on the airfield at Agedabia added thirty-seven aircraft to the SAS tally. This, added to the twenty-seven aircraft destroyed by Mayne's party and the thirty vehicles destroyed at the roadhouse, ensured the future of the SAS and proved the correctness of Stirling's ideas for warfare in the desert.

Stirling decided to turn his attention to shipping and waterside installations. By now Benghazi was useless to the Germans as a supply base and they were having to rely on the port of Bouerat. Stirling wanted to get into the port and destroy as many ships and installations as he could. He went once again to General Auchinleck and was given permission to recruit a further forty men and six officers. He was also promoted to Major and Mayne to Captain.

Rommel had no intention of relying for long on the Port of Bouerat. He staged a counter attack that took the allies by surprise and won back Benghazi and a lot more ground besides. This put Stirling in a difficult position. While Benghazi with its cluster of surrounding airfields and busy harbour was a tempting target, he knew he had insufficient time and manpower to field a balanced force. On the other hand, if he did make a raid it would be an ideal opportunity to show that the SAS could do other things than plant bombs on aircraft. He wanted to demonstrate that they could destroy shipping, harbours and industry.

Two raids were made on Benghazi harbour, and both times the SAS had no trouble getting into the town and down to the harbour installations. But the collapsible canoes with which they were to attack the shipping were damaged and impossible to assemble and they returned frustrated.

A third raid was planned and the collapsible canoes were replaced by inflatable rubber boats. Among the small raiding party were two notable new recruits to the SAS; Fitzroy Maclean, later to be Knighted and to become a member of Parliament, and Randolph Churchill, son of Winston. Again the party was able to get into Benghazi without any real trouble although Fitzroy Maclean's fluent command of Italian enabled them to bluff their way past several sentry posts without the alarm being raised.

At the docks, Maclean began to inflate the first of the rubber boats. A sentry on a ship a few yards away issued a challenge. 'Militari' shouted Maclean in reply and continued to pump. The sentry asked what he was doing. 'None of your business' replied Maclean in his best Italian military tone. The sentry must have been chastened for he did not enquire further. Despite Maclean's efforts, the boat would not inflate. He discovered a hole in the rubber and went to the reserve boat which was similarly holed. Both boats had been carefully checked before the raid so it must have been the rough handling on the trip to Benghazi that was doing the damage. Stirling decided to withdraw and retain the element of surprise for future, hopefully more successful raids by not planting any bombs.

Again, on their way out, Maclean's knowledge of Italian was to prove invaluable. Packing their gear back into kitbags, the SAS party was confronted by an Ascari sentry. Maclean demanded of the sentry what he wanted and when the African soldier replied that he did not speak

turn to page 59.

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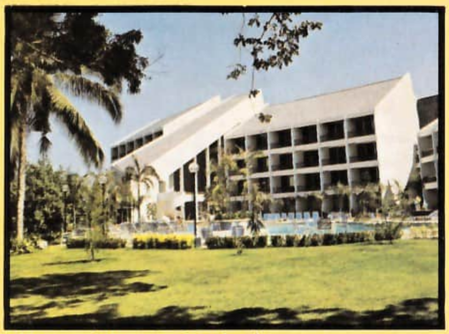
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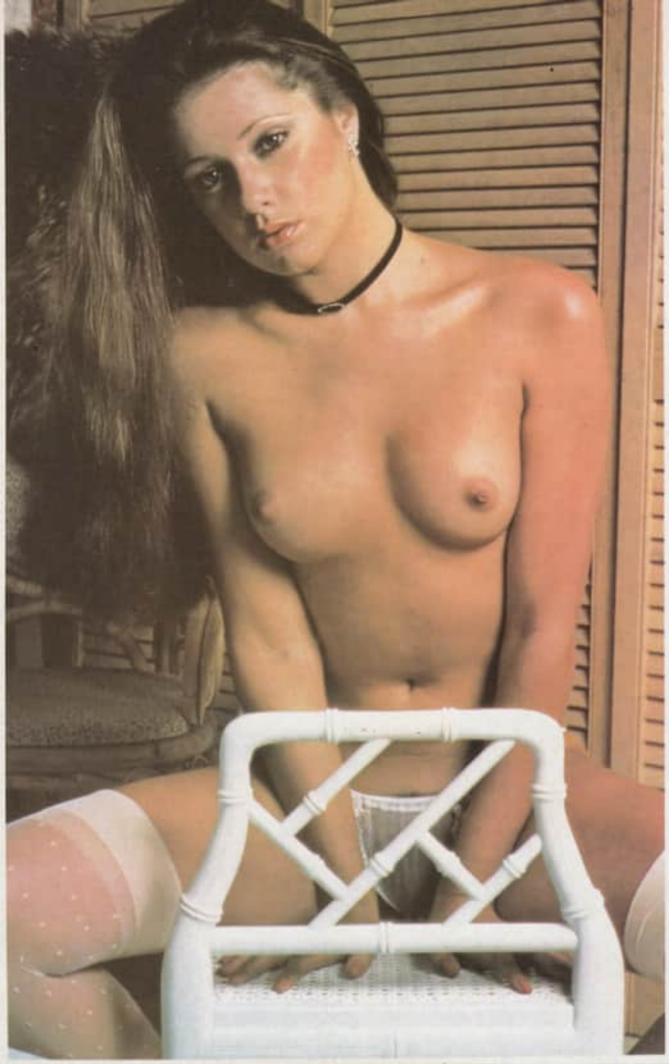
FAITH

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

To look at alluring Faith Adams, it would not be easy to imagine the 19-year-old beauty being set upon by monsters or chased through haunted houses by vampires lusting after her 34-24-35 figure. But that is Faith's ambition. She wants to star in horror films and her favourite one is Dracula.



But there's nothing morbid or sinister about Faith, who has graced *The Sun*'s page three and appeared in other daily newspapers. She wants an acting career and thinks it would be fun to start it that way. 'It would give me something to get my teeth into,' she laughed, 'anyway I would eventually like to become a serious actress.' Faith was brought up and lives in North London and since leaving school nearly two years ago she has been a professional model. She hopes to make enough money from her career to be able to travel round the world. 'My mother is Mexican and I would like to go there one day to meet the relations I have never seen. I also want to see America as I have already seen Europe. I have plenty of time yet.'

Working takes up a lot of Faith's time, but in her spare time she is a keen sportswoman, enjoying tennis, squash, swimming and horse-riding. But her favourite sport is skiing. She goes twice a year and has now become quite an expert. 'I hardly ever fall over any more, even if I fall for one of the instructors from time to time.' At night Faith loves to go dancing, and she can often be seen at *Tramps* or *Wedgies*, her two favourite nightspots. Disco dancing is one of her great passions, and being so fit from all her sport, Faith can quite happily dance away until the early hours of the morning without tiring. 'I don't have any serious boyfriends as I find it much more exciting to go to a club and meet new dancing partners.'

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Flying phantoms of the desert

continued from page 49

Italian, Maclean berated the unfortunate Corporal for his lack of knowledge. Hanging his head, the soldier scurried away while the SAS finished their packing.

With the boats and explosives stowed away, they made their way to their unofficial exit through a hole in the wire. Just as they were about to go, the tail end of their small column was joined by a pair of Italian sentries with rifle and fixed bayonets. The SAS realised it would be fatal to try to negotiate the hole in the wire with their new-found colleagues and equally, to try to shoot it out would bring the entire garrison down on their backs.

Yet again Maclean decided to brazen it out. He led the enlarged party toward the guardhouse and ordered the sentry on duty that he wanted to talk to the guard commander. Obediently he disappeared.

'Was he the commander of the guard?' demanded Maclean. The sergeant confirmed that he was. Maclean introduced himself as a member of the Italian General Staff and told the sergeant that he and his party had been wandering around the docks for the greater part of the night without being properly challenged. He tore the sergeant off a strip and said that the party could easily have been British saboteurs and the bags they carried full of explosives.

The sergeant tittered and indicated that he thought this was going a little far. This brought forth a further string of abuse from Maclean who told him he was going to be lenient this time and forget the whole incident but that the sergeant had better make sure that security was improved before Maclean's next visit.

The SAS party hid in Benghazi the following day before making their exit after dark. It was a frustrating and relatively uneventful raid, but it was not without casualties. On the road from Alexandria to Cairo, the car they were using crashed into a ditch. Fitzroy Maclean was in hospital for three months with a cracked skull and Randolph Churchill was invalided home with crushed vertebra. Stirling escaped with a broken wrist although a *Daily Telegraph* writer to whom they had given a lift was killed.

The SAS made raid after raid against enemy installations in the desert, most of them inflicting considerable damage with very few casualties among the British. The SAS had ceased to rely on the Long Range Desert Group for transport and were running a fleet of trucks of mixed allied and Axis ancestry. These served their purpose but were heavy and cumbersome.

The answer was the Jeep – a vehicle newly arrived from America, the Jeep could almost have been specifically designed for the SAS. It was a rugged little vehicle capable of carrying loads of up to a quarter of a ton, its four-wheel drive was able to push it along at a maximum speed of sixty-five miles an hour and extricate it from soft sand that would bog down a less well equipped vehicle. Stirling immediately obtained some for the SAS. Some modifications were made. All but two of the radiator grille bars were cut away to improve the air flow to the radiator which itself was connected to a special water condenser designed to preserve the valuable coolant. In its original form, the Jeep had facility for fitting only one .30 calibre machine gun, an armament that was inadequate for SAS purposes.

Paddy Mayne: He scored the first SAS hit.

Stirling began a search for alternative armament and in an airforce workshop he came across quantities of Vickers K guns, air-cooled aircraft machine guns that had been fitted to the Gloster Gladiator. As the aircraft was by then obsolete, the RAF were pleased to hand over all the guns and drum magazines they had.

The Vickers guns fired at a rate of 1,200 rounds a minute. At the time the SAS used them their rate of fire was the fastest of any machine gun used in fighting on the ground and their effect was devastating. Stirling had them fitted in single and double mounts and fitted at least two to each Jeep. Their noise was terrifying and a truck caught by the blast from twin Vickers Ks would be torn apart, and their effect on aircraft was equally disastrous. At a later stage they were backed up by the heavy Browning.

Mounted front and rear on the SAS Jeeps, the Vickers Ks made the tiny trucks formidable offensive weapons in the right hands, and the SAS were the right hands. In the first Jeep raid on Sidi Haneish, sixty-eight guns were in operation. Stirling's tactics for the raid called for the Jeeps to be formed in an extended two-columned arrowhead. The three Jeeps at the front cleared the route for the column while the Jeeps on the flanks took care of targets on their respective sides. The drivers of the Jeeps needed particularly cool heads especially those driving in the left-hand column. When the guns were firing at targets on the left of the column, the machine guns at the front of the Jeep fired a stream of bullets across inches in front of the driver's face while those at the rear of the Jeep performed a similar function inches from the back of his head. Utmost precision was required on the part of the driver who had to sit perfectly still for a jolt of an inch or two in either direction meant an instant and messy death. He had to maintain concentration while the guns roared and blast blinded him.

The Jeeps carried loads far in excess of their designed capacity on SAS raids. They were festooned with bedding, weapons, jerrycans of fuel and water as well as spare parts and tyres and equipment for getting the vehicle out of the sand if it bogged down. Now the SAS were entirely self-sufficient and were equipped to roam the desert at will. Even the most remote airfield or supply depot was not safe from attack and the Germans had to take troops out of the front line areas to provide guards as the SAS attacked one installation after another. The Germans were forced to waste scarce manpower by posting individual sentries for each aircraft to counter SAS bombings and these had to be relieved every few hours to maintain vigilance. But even this was useless against the fast Jeep raids. Casualties among the British were low for the returns they were getting and it was

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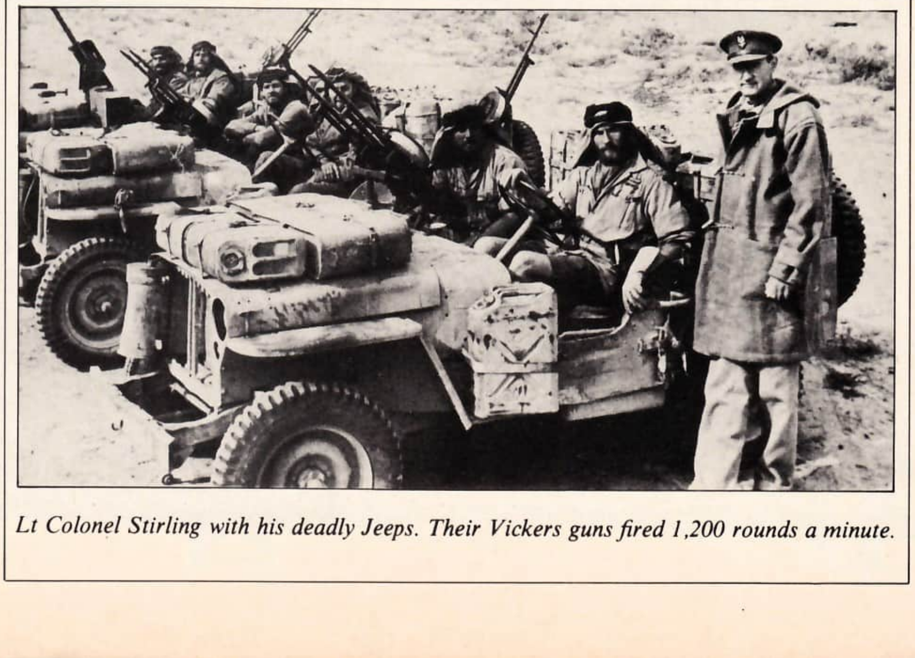


Lt Colonel Stirling with his deadly Jeeps. Their Vickers guns fired 1,200 rounds a minute.

Flavia thought she was off to the West Indies - not Africa. She sulked, but later the climate made her glow. And it wasn't due to the sun

A THROW IN THE BUSH

Fiction by Michael Kelly

'What are the drums telling us?' I asked, seeing the look on this girl's face with its all-flared nostril, safari-fatuous 'gosh how fab I'm being exposed to non-acid basic rhythms of the bush wait till I tell 'em' expression.

'The drums are telling us that there is a beer and coke teatime dance, 200 francs a head entry fee, at the Mexican Paradise Hotel in town,' I answered myself.

She looked fed up. Incredulous. 'It sounds so authentic,' she claimed, a tremble through the adventurous woman of the world static.

'Since Zaire that's a dirty word,' I said. 'And it is authentic. More authentic than a lot of submachinegun-toting thugs in dark glasses eschewing Christian names and beating up girls who wear miniskirts or trousers.'

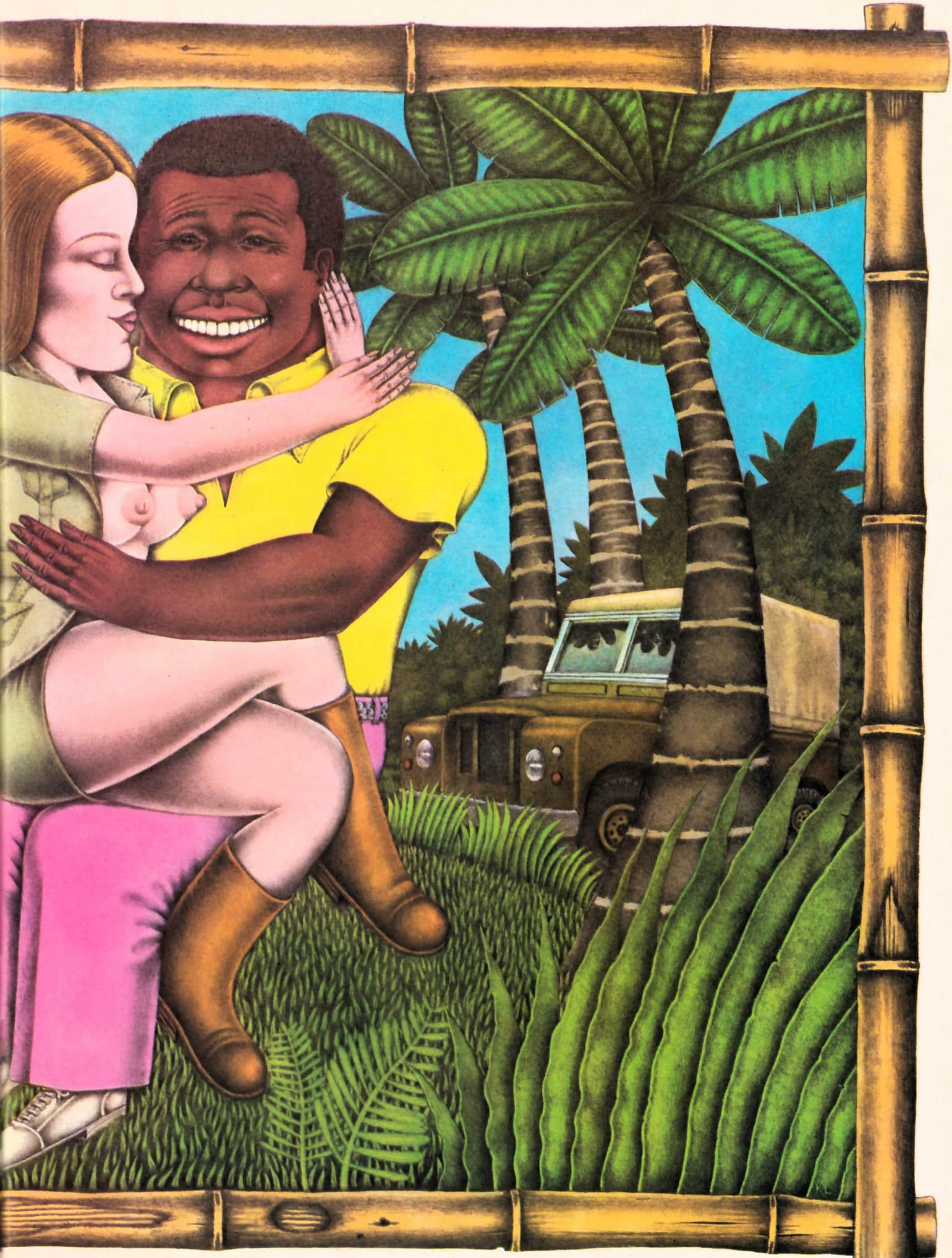
'How can it be authentic?' she said. 'If it's the coca-colonialist thing you say it is.'

'But coca-colonialism is madly authentic. The real thing,' I told her. 'Bare boobs and headdresses are strictly for the tourists. Like lions. Or even jumping rats, come to that,' I added judiciously.

She flounced verbally: 'Oh Giles, you're such a cynic.'

I tickled resignedly up her leg with a poinsettia frond I had pinched from the plant

ILLUSTRATION BY KEN LAIDLAW



we sat beneath for the purpose. She flounced physically, kicking at the tickler. 'Not cynical,' I said. 'Just fed up with anthropological tourist instant expertise. Wipe the spoilt "Where are the Noble Savages?" pout off your face and let's have a middling short-time romp before we go down to the dance.'

The poinsettia found target. She gave a little squeal and pushed it away. Lay back looking at me challengingly. The not very friendly but 'the whole world is to indulge me with sensations' looking degenerate face of so many young women from the overdeveloped countries these days. Exciting and willing to be excited. Impatiently so.

The frond crept between her legs again. The pink and white glare of her recently-arrived-in-the-tropics-features melted into soppy greed. 'You're foul', she said. 'Thank God.' Rubbing against the frond.

She was some sort of invitee of my boss's. A niece of his wife or something. At first I thought she'd only agreed to come to such an unfashionable, unglamorously steaming part of the Dark Continent because she was after black cock. But it seemed she never touched the stuff, on snobbish grounds. Her horror at the situation in which she found herself could only be based on misunderstanding. I guessed she was so ignorant she had thought aunty's territory was in the West Indies or the trendy Pacific.

Potter's intuition was right again. She had confessed it after she'd been handed into my care. My boss's revenge for so many pricks of insult and contempt that he couldn't definitively pin on me over the years of our professional acquaintance. As he had instantly found this pug-faced bossy little Flavia too much, his reflex was to hand her over to Potter.

'A tour,' he had said. 'Take her on a two weeks' tour round the provinces.'

'Two weeks?' I said. 'Two days'll be as much as she will want to stomach.'

'I don't know what you mean, Giles,' he said. 'Take a full two weeks.'

'Expenses?' I said.

He tututted crossly and graciously allowed me the official Landrover.

'Expenses repaid after submission of authorisable, fully-receipted bills,' he said.

'Oh, thank you, sir', I said enthusiastically and left him wondering where the catch or give-away was. There wasn't one, but at least he had the pain of wondering whether the devious and horrible Potter hadn't something up his sleeve.

Flavia sulked as we left the charms of the capital: tawdry to her; just my bucket of bliss for me. She sulked all the way to the first provincial town and the rest house. Over an appalling evening meal beside the lip of the volcanic crater with the moon making its magic over the lake below and the stars soaring their prolific majesty over the palms beside us, I told her I wouldn't put up with it.

She jumped in the light of the kerosene lamps on stands at either side of our cornbeef batter patty covered table. 'What do you mean, Mr Potter?' she said.

'Your pique,' I said.

'How dare you!' she said.

I asked her if she wanted me to call the driver and the rest house cook cum caretaker cum general handyman to give her a going over.

'You wouldn't dare,' she said. I explained that her attitudinising bored the pants off me, I knew the people throughout our two weeks' projected route and she didn't, she could say what she wanted when she got back to aunty who just might believe her. No one else would. Uncle clearly loathed her guts. I would deny everything. So would all the locals.

'You smug bullying bastard swine,' she said.

'You unwelcome unattractive opinionated moody slut,' I said calmly.

She threw a plate of corned beef patty at me. Custard pies at last I thought and hit her with a handful of baked beans straight from the serving dish. She yelled for the cook. Who took one look and tactfully withdrew. She began to cry.

'You swine swine swine,' she blubbered.

'Let's wash,' I suggested.

As I had already suspected, the situation brought her more adrenalin than distaste. For your modern emancipated hysteric decadent any sensation or novelty is better than none, or self communing in uncosseted silence. Simmering but unresisting

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A throw in the bush

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she let me take her to the shower and start to rinse the baked beans out of her hair in the cold water by torchlight. 'God,' she said. 'It's rough, isn't it.'

I assured her she hadn't seen anything yet. We were only one day from the capital and this was a large town and a *working* rest house.

I suggested I call for hot water buckets and we let the soap have a chance. She agreed quite cheerfully. Her breasts showed charmingly through her wet blouse before the torch died. She joined me in laughter. 'Look,' I said in the dark, fatuously, but then an idiom is an idiom: 'Look. I'm no friend of yours, no Lothario, a middle-aged overweight male chauvinist pig, my penis is neither larger than average nor indefatigable, not even reliable come to that. . . .'

She was still listening which was good. Then suddenly we heard a raspy scuttering sound very close to us in the dark. Her hand leapt into mine and held it tightly. 'It's alright,' I said, hoping fervently Africa wasn't up to some trick or other. 'It's not a serpent or a rat or a mouse, it's just a lizard in the ceiling.'

Twenty minutes later, a bottle of wine later, pineapple fritters – not for nothing was the cook known as A Salt and Battery man – and cognac sauce later, we supplemented the cold shower with hot buckets, kerosene lamps and bouts of playway explorations of each others' feelings, surface and not so surface. She was athletic and eager, I was languid as usual up to a point, and eager, and then frenzied and eager. We became quite pleased with each other.

To date our truce had lasted three days and something over 500 miles. We had our post-poinsettia late afternoon romp all over the double bed and native rugs on the floor of the thatch-roofed elemental rest-house of this small town at the beginning of the hill plateau area of the country. She was still athletic. She told me it was the thing these days with London boyfriends. She also told me that my passivity was a surprise. 'I mean it's so disgustingly sensual. You so obviously enjoy it without worrying about the show you're putting on,' she told me. 'I mean, in London, they all rush around frantically trying the newest hold or grope or position or electronic aid or kink or whatever. And you just lie about or roam about slowly exulting.'

'When you enjoy good things why muck 'em about,' I remonstrated with my usual gentleness. Besides I happened to like what she was doing with hand and lip in between words.

'But it's so voluptuous,' she said.

'I don't see sex as an Olympic field event,' I said. So she went on doing the whirl arounds and climbs and swings and press-ups and exercises for both of us.

All crisp in her Simpson type safari jacket and jeans beside my faded African shirt and shapeless cotton trousers we drifted down the hill into town.

We were the only whites. She was beginning to get used to this. I introduced her to the local District Officer, a young man I knew whose political outspokenness and graduate status had ensured him a bush posting which he recognised cheerfully as a punishment. He had a very pretty secondary schoolgirl at his table. Of course it was the school holidays which was why a dance was being held at this time of day at all. The fact that it would go on until daybreak the next day and was a pure mayhem market was ignored in favour of the parent-school respectability insistence that holiday dances should be tea-timers.

I noticed several conspicuous parents with teenage secondary school daughter partners: other people's daughters of course. It was a backward girl who took her holidays in the home of her nuclear family or official guardian. I always enjoy the way the generations mix in Africa so genially. Most of the flared trousered, Afro-hair styled, embroidered shirted, highheeled, dark glass sporting male students on holiday had to make do with bar girls and junior market sellers. Economic and other advantages accrued to the girls: educational and other advantages to the male students by this division of spoils.

The District Officer asked Flavia to dance. They wafted away nattering about Oxford. They actually had acquaintances in common. I could see she looked genuinely pleased by this 'improbable' encounter. Myself I believe that only the probable is improbable in Africa. And, true to form, just as I was about to ask the DO's schoolgirl for a dance, I was embraced from behind and turned to catch a girl in my lap whom I had known well in the capital. She was on a family crisis visit to this area, as she informed me, while we embraced and danced, which was her own tribal one. Not a schoolgirl and not one to allow a mere student to pick her up she had come to the dance accompanied by a female cousin. ('Too hungry for schoolboy love' she informed me disapprovingly: 'she gives them credit. Even for only one hundred francs a time.') She had just gone to use one of the withdrawing rooms for a few moments with her latest partner.

I was glad to see this girl. Who seemed glad to see me. She told me I still danced like an African. I told her so did she. She laughed and said she *was* an African. I said she shouldn't pull race on me, what did she think I was. 'Less European than the DO,' she whispered. I offered to report her for subversion. She hugged me to her, laughing. I whispered that 100 francs seemed to me too much: how about 50? She laughed louder and hit me. We clung together.

At the end of the dance, Flavia told me she was really enjoying the experience. The DO stood us a round and welcomed my newfound Anastasia to the table. The schoolgirl sat in the switched off but not discontented silence schoolgirls are good at out of school in this part of the world. Flavia and the DO discussed how fantastic

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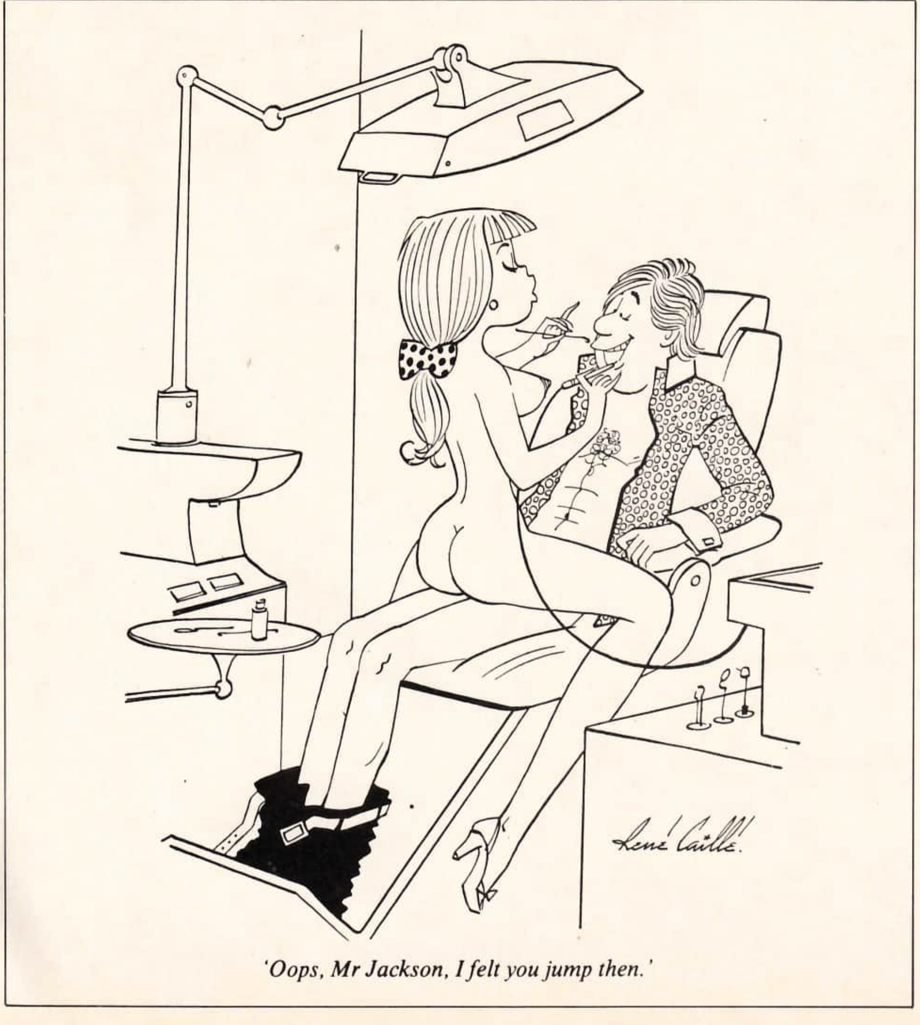

'Oops, Mr Jackson, I felt you jump then.'

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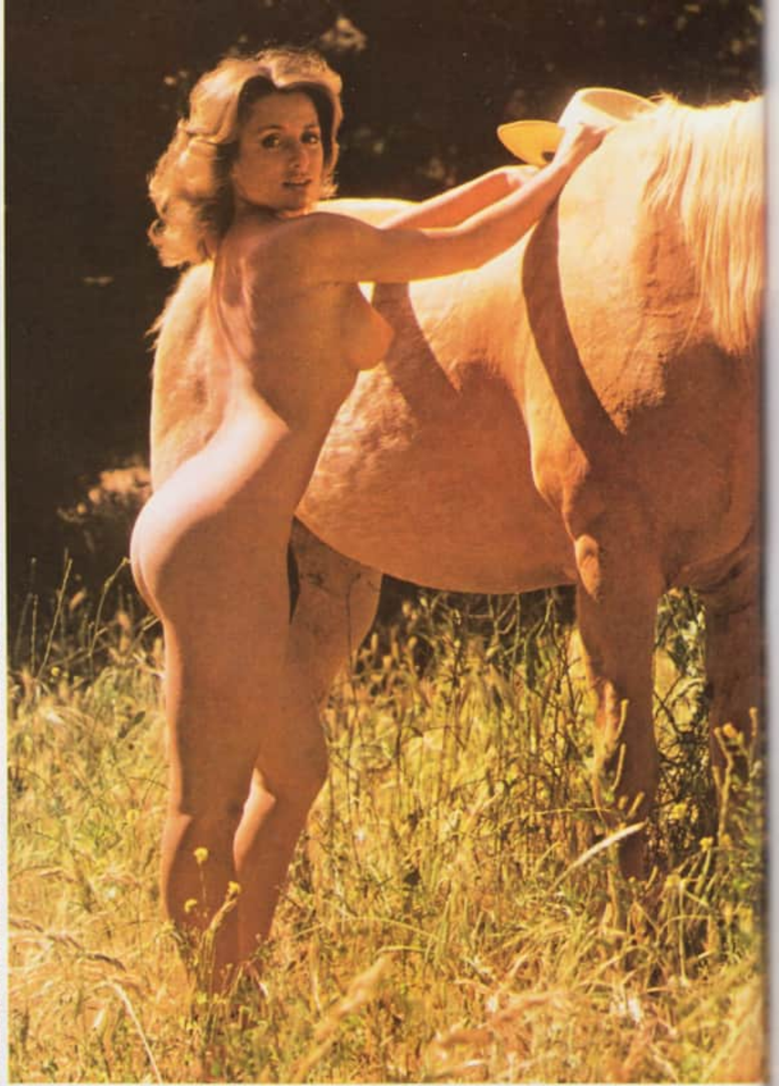


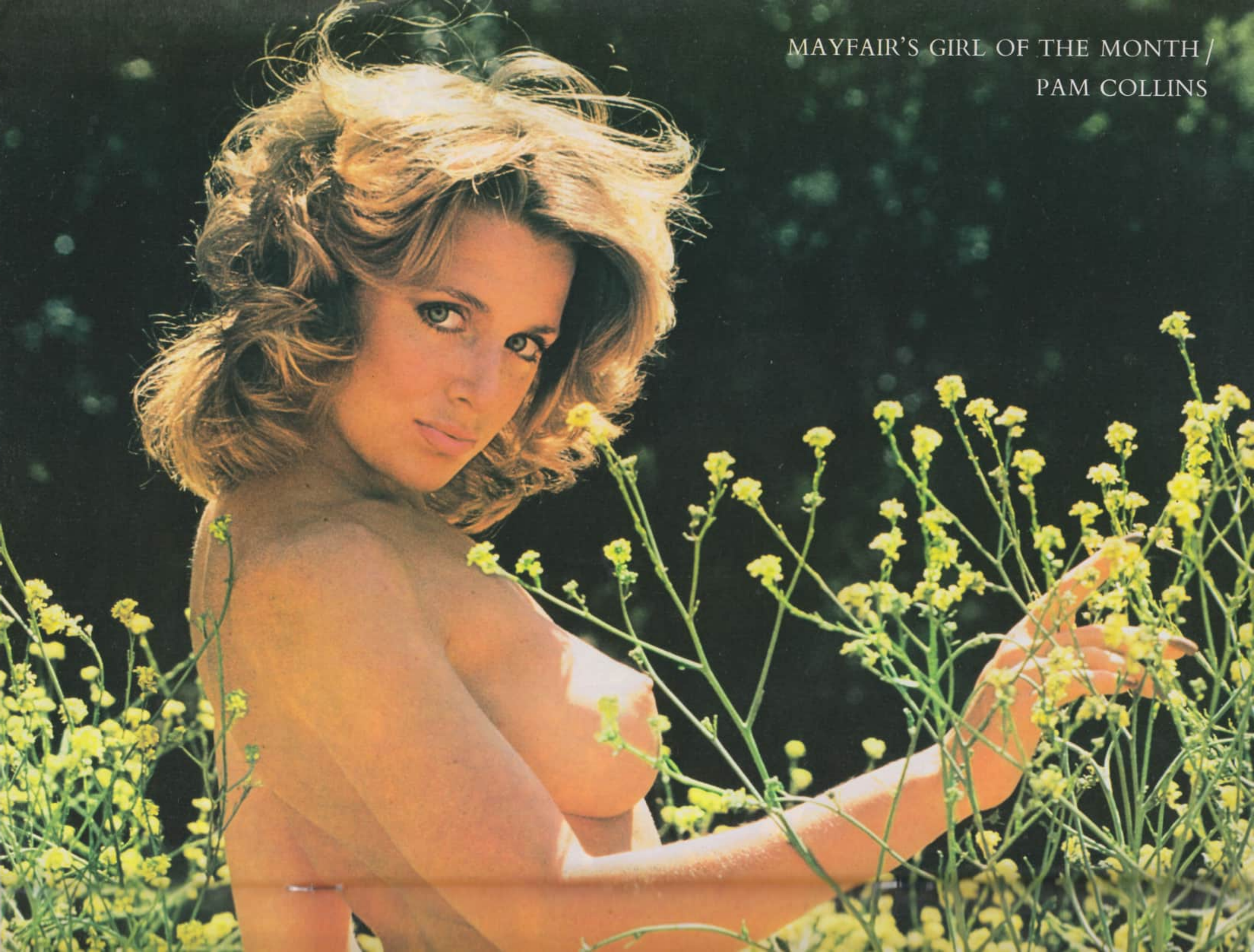
PAM

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Most of us have a secret fantasy that we dream of being able to fulfil one day, and 20-year-old Pam Collins is no exception. For the 36-24-35 beauty yearns to ride the wide-open plains of America as a cowgirl. 'It must be to do with the feeling of freedom that one gets being totally alone in the middle of nowhere with only your horse for company. It will probably never be a reality but it gives me something to daydream about.' Pam, daughter of an architect, lives in Sevenoaks and though it is a far cry from Dakota she frequently goes riding from the local stables. She has been a keen horsewoman since the age of five and now feels quite at home in the saddle. In fact she is a regular competitor at local gymkhana events and has quite a few rosettes to prove it. 'One day I may add a rodeo cup to the trophies.'

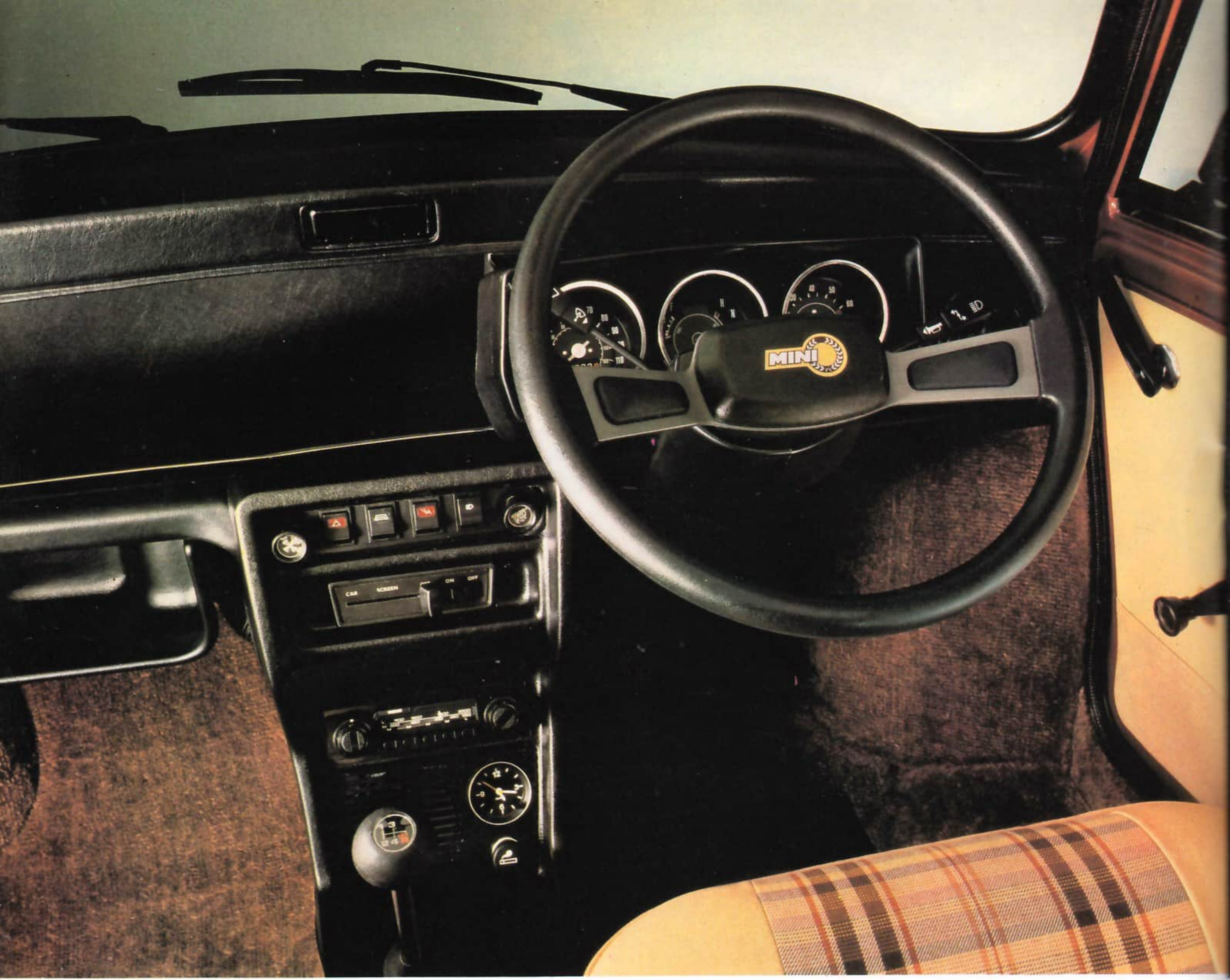
Pam has a sunny, fresh outdoor sex appeal to her which shows in her outlook on life. She is at her happiest while riding a horse or strolling through the woods. 'I can only stay in towns for short periods of time before I start to feel trapped. Then I have to get outdoors in the open air once more.' Pam likes to get as much sun on her body as possible and if she gets the chance she loves to sunbathe in the nude. But it can sometimes be a bit embarrassing if someone happens to come along, which is what happened last year. Pam was asleep in a field with nothing on when she woke up to find a young farmer watching her. 'I don't know who was the most embarrassed, him or me. But after we had both got over the shock it was quite amusing. And he offered to let me use his field when I liked.' Pam is more careful now when she is choosing a place for naturist sun soaking, but we like to think there is still a chance of stumbling on her one day.

When she is not taking in the fresh air, Pam can often be found in *The Crown* at Seal where she likes to meet her friends for a few drinks. She also likes going to the occasional disco but most of her time is taken up with her pets. Pam has three large dogs, two cats, numerous tropical fish in an aquarium and a talking budgie which was a present from an old boyfriend. 'He taught it to say a few rude words and not much else, so whenever I have any visitors I put the bird in another room, just in case he comes out with anything naughty.' Pam also hopes to own a horse one day when she can afford to keep it. She really loves animals and hates to see them ill treated. The killing of whales is something which really makes her see red, and she is an ardent supporter of Greenpeace who are trying to stop the slaughter.



MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH /
PAM COLLINS

Mayfair Vol 14 No 10 October 1979



"YOU TAKE THE
I'LL DRIVE

Remember when you used to get excited about cars?

When Mini Coopers graced the rally routes of Europe, and shiny black Minis with dark windows shuttled Beatles across London.

Well, we thought the 20th Birthday of the Mini was a good time to bring back a little of that excitement.

So we're saying happy birthday with the most luxurious production Mini ever.

The limited edition, 1100 Special.

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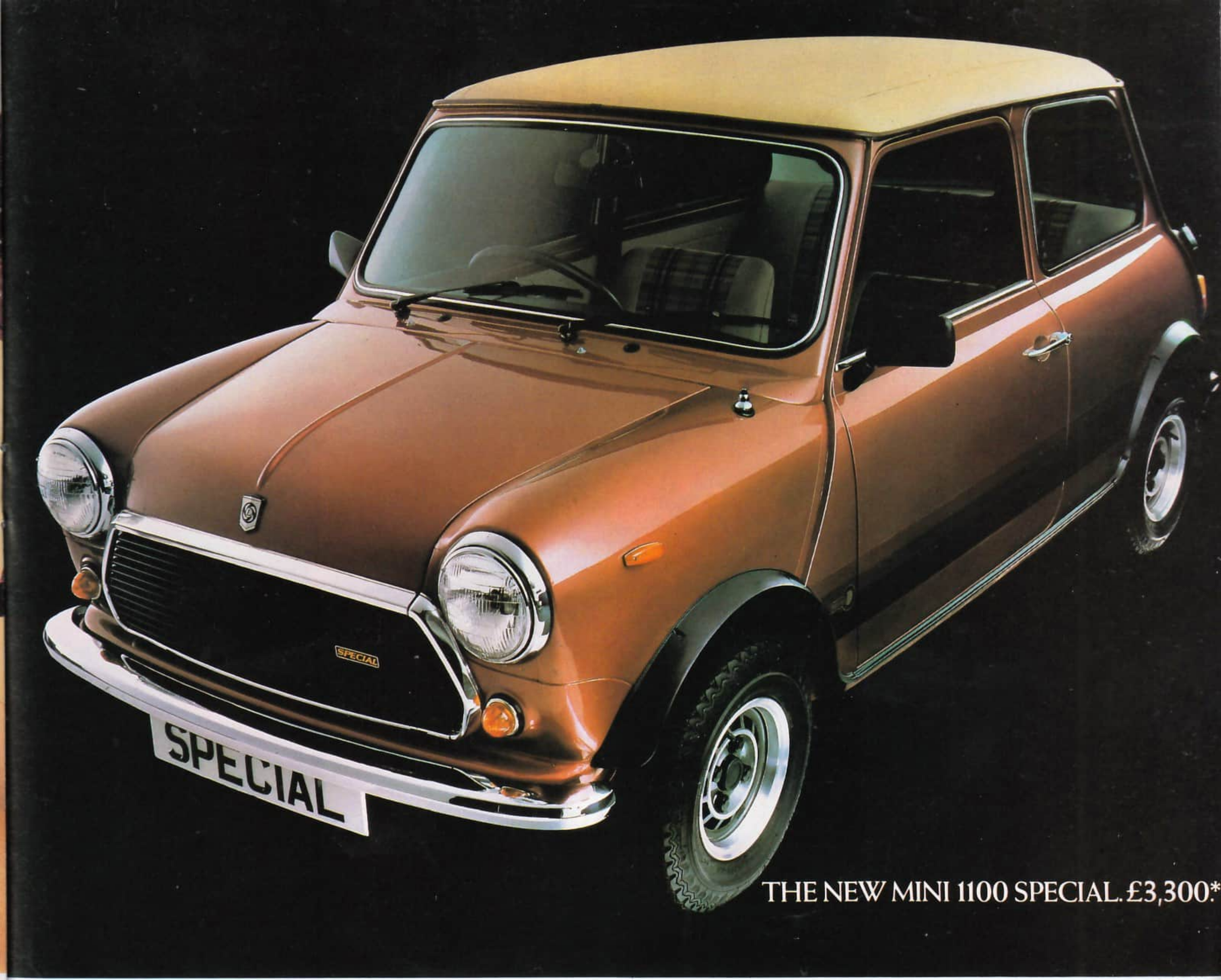
THE NEW MINI 1100 SPECIAL. £3,300.*

DAIMLER, DEAR. THE MINI."

fabric fronts in a special check pattern. Carpeting is thick, front and back.

SPECIAL OUTSIDE.

The Mini Special comes in two special metallic colours: Silver Grey and Rose. It sports a vinyl roof, distinctive side tape treatment, side repeater flashers, twin door mirrors, black matt wipers and tinted glass.

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And twenty years is too long to wait for another Mini like this.

Austin Morris
with Supercover

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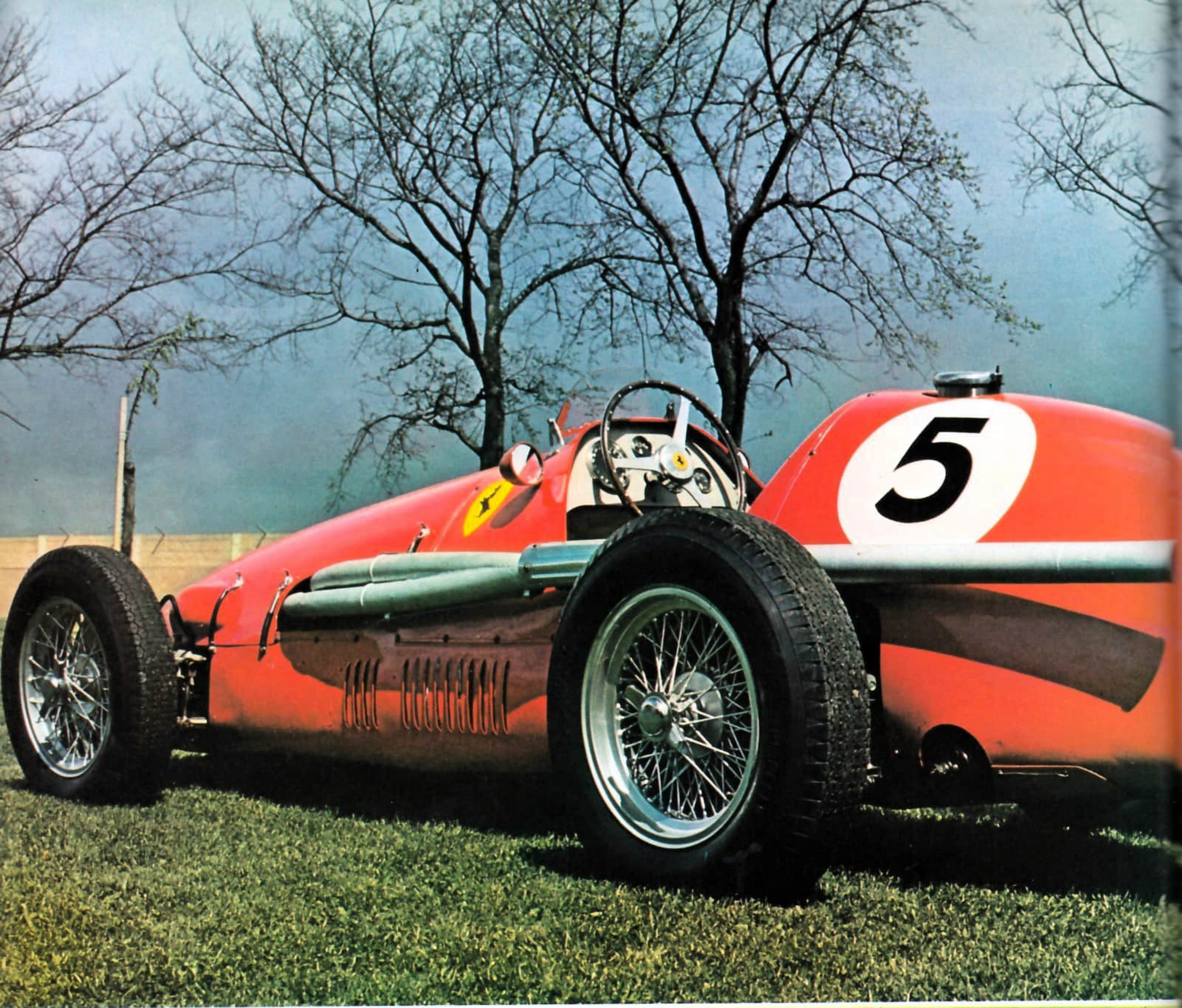
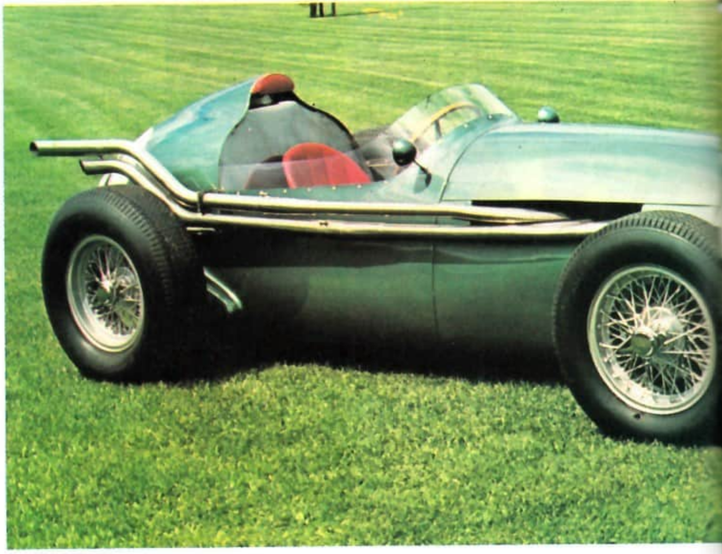




The bright red Ferrari 500 dominated the Grand Prix circuits from 1952–53. It was powered by a 1980cc four cylinder double overhead camshaft engine developing around 170 bhp. The Donington Collection's example was the car most often used by Alberto Ascari who won every GP he entered in 1952. Aston Martin's British racing green DBR4 250 was very competitive but was virtually obsolete the day it made its debut, because the rear-engined cars were just around the corner. It first appeared at Silverstone in 1959 and Roy Salvadori put the 280 bhp beast on pole position while in the race he finished second. The Collection's example was rebuilt from a mass of mouldering bits.

The skirmishes between the big
Grand Prix racing cars of the fifties marked
the last of real motor
racing for many enthusiasts. The skirmishes
are over, but the cars live on

Photographed by Andrew Morland

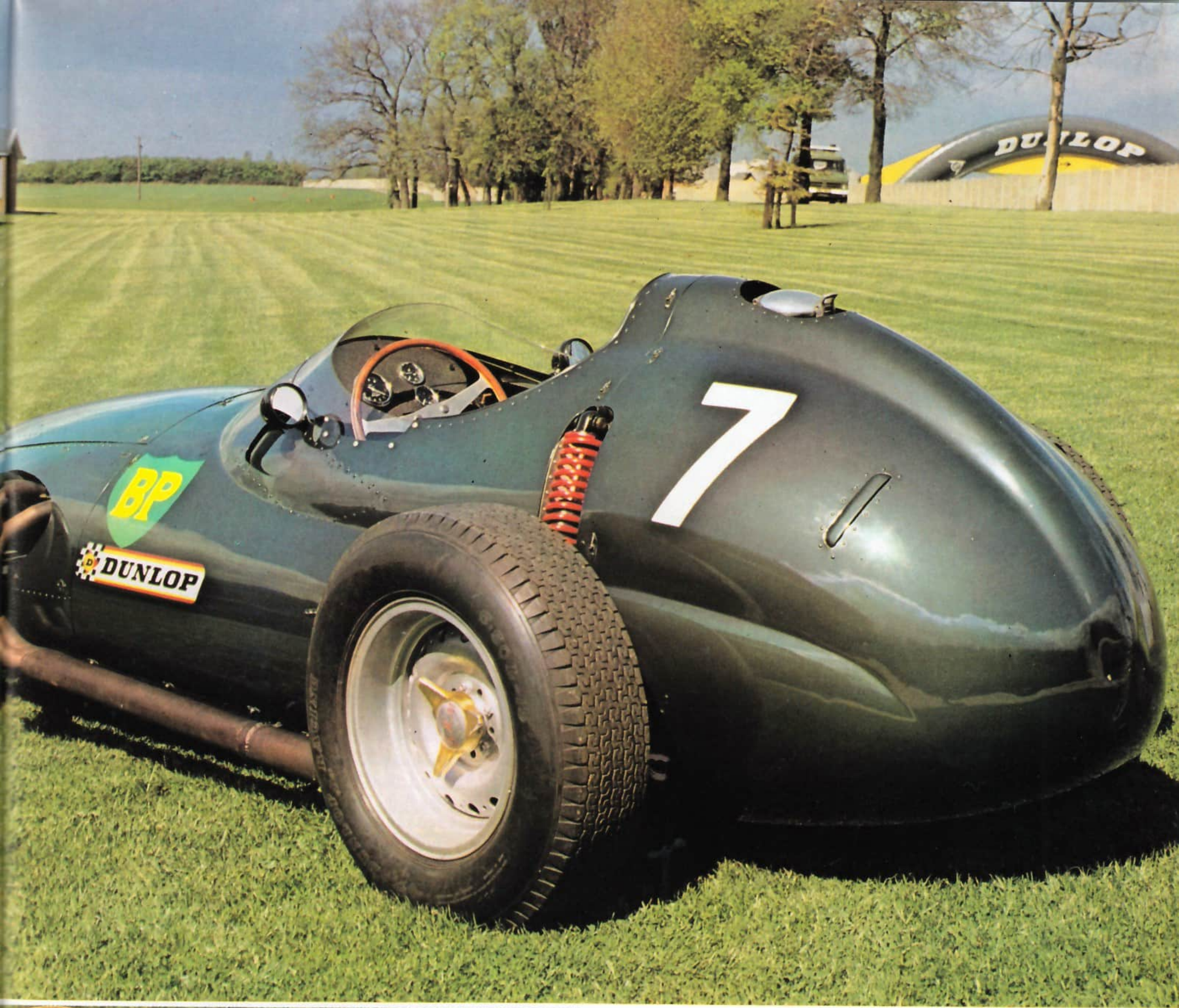
THE PRIMAS OF DONINGTON

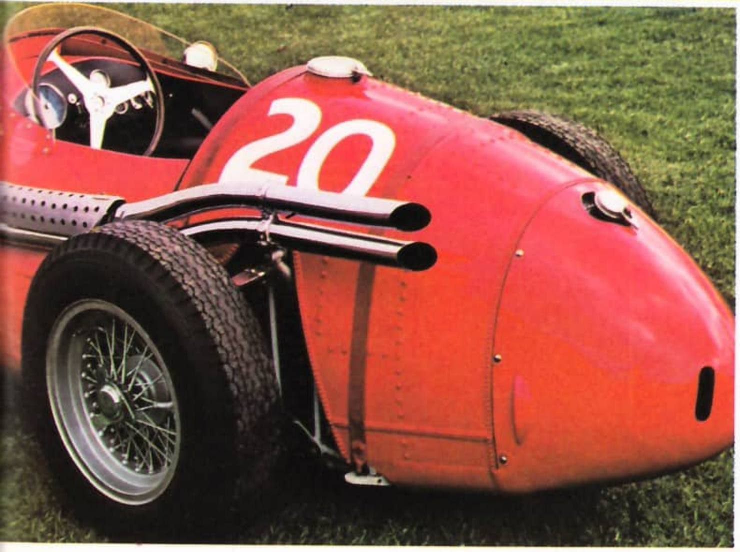
The Donington Collection of single-seater racing cars spans nearly sixty years of motor sport, and is housed in a superb museum just three miles from junction 24 on the M1. The cars which arouse great interest are the mighty front-engined Grand Prix racers of the 1950s. They were not distinguished by the decals of camera or cosmetic manufacturers, or the names of banks, but simply by their colour. And during the fifties a battle royal raged between the apparently invincible red cars of Italy and the British racing greens.

The Ferrari 500 was the red car which dominated World Championship Grand Prix racing from 1952–53, mostly with Alberto Ascari behind the wheel, but in the 1953 French GP the English newcomer Mike Hawthorn won in a Ferrari 500. In 1954, World Championship GP racing

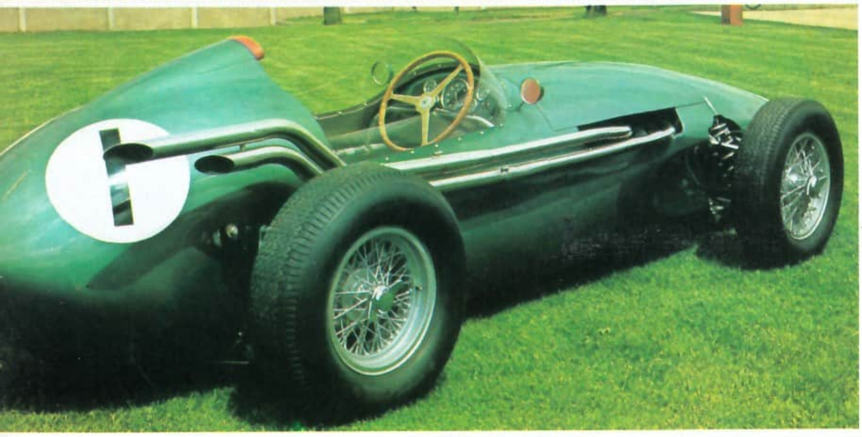
saw an increase in engine size from 2 to 2½ litres, and this heralded the turn of another red Italian car to dominate the track – this time the Maserati 250F. This beautiful car epitomized 1950s Grand Prix racing and between 1954 and 1957 it notched up over thirty major wins.

During the reign of the reds the British racing greens were battling for success and our main hopes rested with the BRM team. Early in the fifties BRM introduced a 1½ litre V16 powered car, but it failed miserably and BRM reverted to more traditional power units. But even these were dogged by many failures. When they ran the BRMs were incredibly fast, but they also suffered from severe handling problems. Alec Issigonis took time off





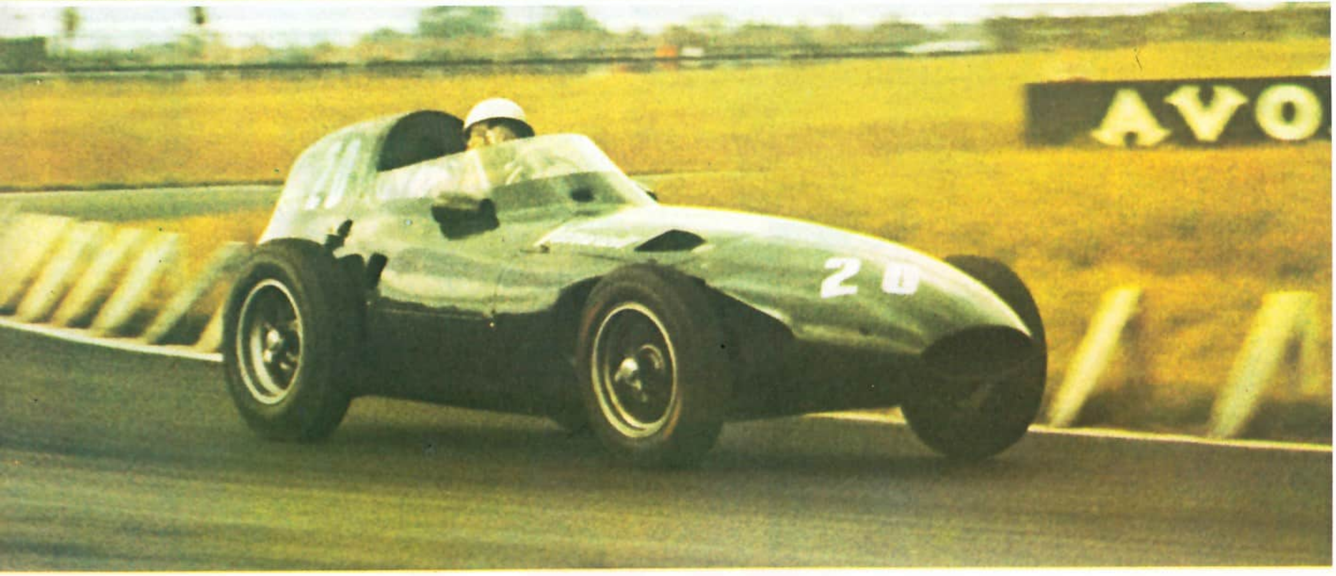
The red Maserati 250F took over from where the Ferrari 500 left off in 1953. The 250F was considered the schoolboy's dream of the GP car and during the four seasons from 1954 to 1957 it won well over thirty major races. In 1957 the great Fangio won his fifth world title in a 250F and then went into semi-retirement along with the ailing Maserati company. Donington's 250F never achieved a higher placing than third in a GP and possibly this accounts for its concours condition. Britain's hopes of clinching the championship rested mainly with the BRMs, but this hope was somewhat misplaced because the BRM suffered from mechanical and handling problems. This car eventually won one GP.



from designing the Mini to sort the BRM's handling and later Colin Chapman of Lotus added his tweaks. This did the trick and in 1957 the BRM won two major races, but sadly they did not count towards championship points. The following year the cars performed well, but it was not until 1959 that Jo Bonnier won BRM their first ever championship race victory in the Dutch GP.

Another British contender was the under-financed Connaught team which scored its greatest success in the 1955 non-championship Syracuse GP in Sicily with Tony Brooks at the wheel. It was Britain's first continental GP victory since Henry Segrave had won at San Sebastian in a Sunbeam in 1924. The under-powered Connaughts never achieved great success but eventually it was under-finance which caused their demise in 1957.

The dynamic boss of Vandervell Products Ltd was responsible for Britain's greatest racing successes of the fifties with his Vanwalls. The striking tear-drop Vanwall inspired by Colin Chapman and Frank Costin made its debut at Silverstone in 1956 and won with Stirling Moss behind the wheel making a one-off drive. He was snapped up for 1957 and during the GP at Aintree he took over team mate Tony Brooks' car and they shared Britain's first GP championship win since San Sebastian. In 1958 the Vanwalls won six out of ten possible GPs, and Vandervell was delighted. He'd beaten 'those bloody red cars' at long last.



Three major British racing hopes were the Connaught, Aston Martin DBR4/250 and the Vanwall, the latter seen in action during its winning drive by Stirling Moss and Tony Brooks at Aintree in 1957. The Connaught A-Type (top) was the one driven by Tony Rolt to first place in the Crystal Palace Coronation Trophy in 1953, while the Collection's Aston Martin could be the one which was driven by Roy Salvadori in the International at Silverstone in 1959. Its original identity is uncertain.

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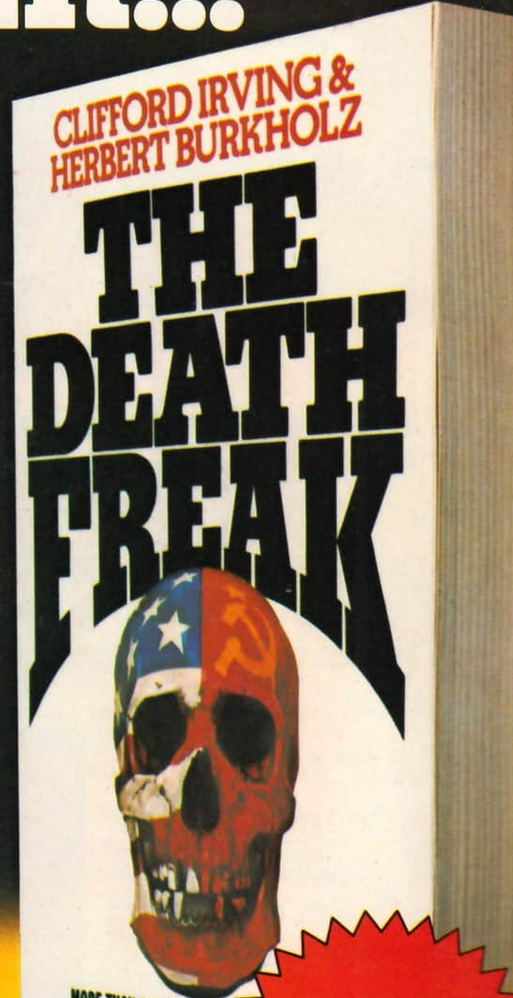

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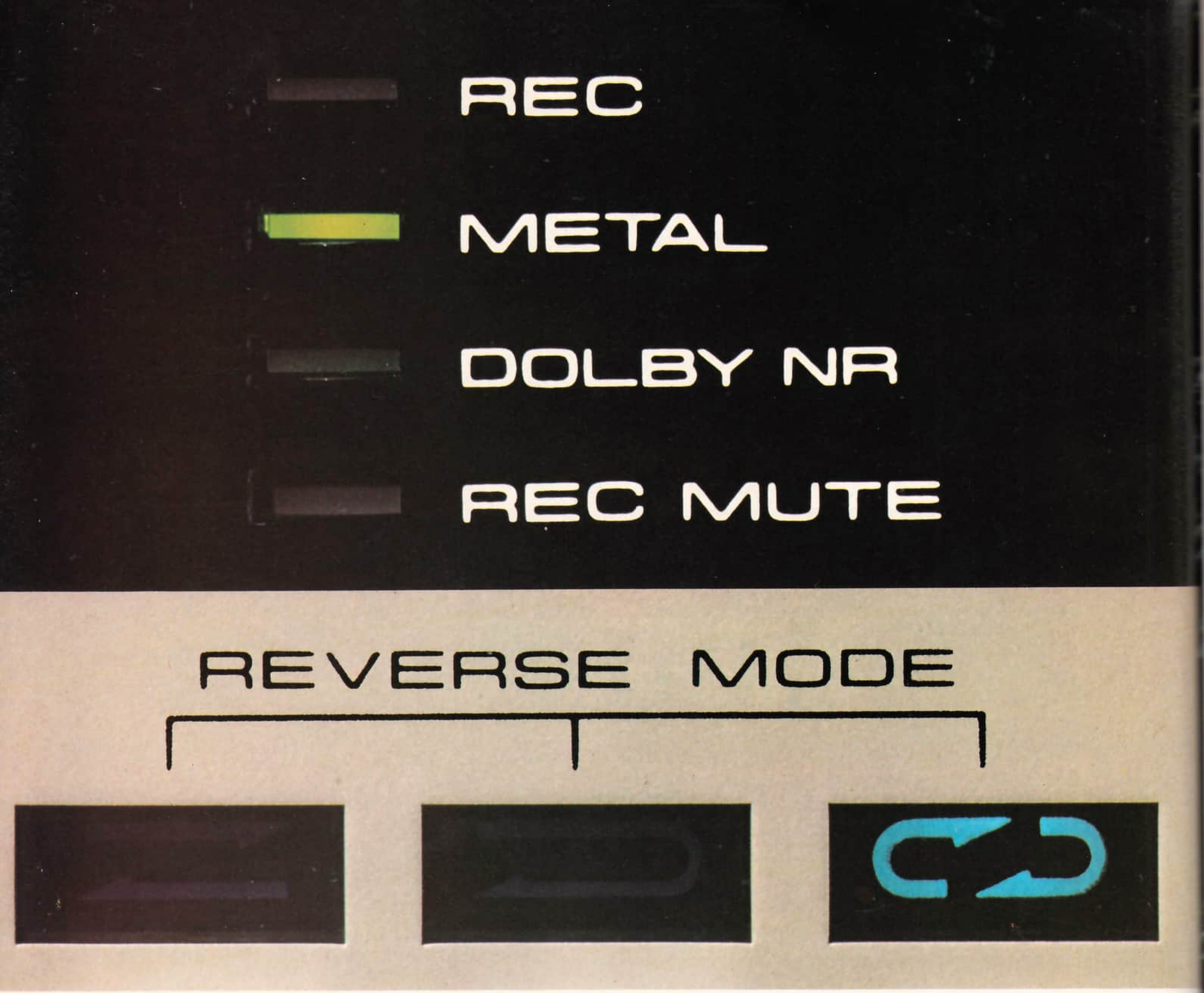
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U1
SMIRNOFF
VODKA
"Well, they said anything could happen."

102
Remember, whatever happens, don't overdo it.
SMIRNOFF
PURVEYORS TO
THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT
1886 1917
VODKA

A throw in the bush

continued from page 66

this meeting was. How great the dance was. Anastasia and I discussed how long it would take her cousin to surface, refreshed for the chase again.

She came back, a plump trading woman liberally covered with scent and beaming with satisfaction, while the DO and Flavia were having a third dance. 'Pleased?' I asked.

The cousin laughed and simpered coyly. 'These young men on holiday,' she said. 'So well fed. No sports arranged for them. What can a poor woman do?'

Her reputation seemed clear enough. Within a few moments a young man had come up to solicit the favour. Of a preliminary dance. Anastasia and I fell about discreetly. And danced ourselves.

At twilight we withdrew to the DO's, whither the poor schoolgirl had preceded us with a message, for a meal. Blessedly non-European. He had taken me on one side and I had assured him we would love local dishes. I didn't tell him it would be Flavia's first experience of them. I judged her greed for novelty would carry her through the pepper and unfamiliar ingredients. I even thought it would break the snobbery barrier and carry her into the DO's bed. Or, if his wife was in residence preparing our meal, into one of the hotel's withdrawing rooms or the spare room at the resthouse. During our last dance before going on to eat, I asked her. 'Oh Giles,' she said. 'He hasn't asked me.' With sufficient tweeness to make me confident that I should mediate a green light to him.

'You're on,' I told him as we went out to his Landrover. 'Christ,' he said. 'Are you sure? She seems very unused to non-Europe.'

'Induct her,' I said.

And, after a peppery encouraging meal and a good deal more dancing, we went to our separate rooms in the rest house. Anastasia and I could hear their racings and wrestlings, pantings and shoutings, as we lay giggling softly, through the wall. 'Ride it, ride it,' she told him: 'Up ahead, right up; on, on; over!' I whispered to Anastasia about the Grand National and point-to-points. She shouted with laughter. There was a momentary stillness and silence from next door before the springings and heavings and verbal encouragements began again. Gently and slowly I began to kiss and stroke Anastasia's smooth brown skin and she stretched luxuriantly for me, bringing her own lips and hands softly into play.

The DO was very tired when he saw us off the day after next. Anastasia had accepted my offer of a lift back to the capital the long and slow way round which the remainder of our fortnight would impose. Flavia told me this trip was much more . . ., much more educative, than she had expected. Her . . . horizons, she felt, were being enlarged. Her views were being, almost tangibly, modified. She had never, really, even noticed Africans before. Anastasia began to shake, the end of her cover cloth jammed into her mouth. Now she saw that she had been wrong. She'd see what African societies she could start doing good on when she got back to London.

The remaining DOs of the trip may not have been graduates but one and all took a warm interest in Flavia's enjoying her stay. Which she appreciated from one and all. Athletically as usual. Audibly. 'White women,' Anastasia said.

'Only one,' I pointed out.

'Shameless,' Anastasia said.

'And African women?' I said, pinching her. She giggled and closed her legs on my hand. 'But we know each other,' she said. 'And we know who we will do it with and who we will not, if we are not prostitutes. That woman doesn't care,' she said gesturing to the regular shaking of the wall that accompanied the thumping of the bedsprings next door.

The day that I returned her to aunty, Flavia looked a little depressed. As a sort of reward, or final turn of the supposed screw, my boss invited me to dine. 'Flavia seems to have enjoyed herself,' his wife said. 'She really seems quite sorry it's over.'

'I am,' she said brusquely.

'Giles showed you the up-country high life, did he, ha, ha,' said my boss, smirking his manic imitation of a Dracula Will Hay.

'No,' Flavia said. 'He introduced me to lovely people who showed me.'

'What?' aunty asked. Flavia, thank God, did not deign to answer. I saw a horrid suspicion lurk across my boss's nasty little eyes. Carefully I crumbled the bread on my plate, conscious of his glare, and shaped a little phallus which I left on my plate as if all unwitting of his snort of outrage. I waited until Flavia caught my eye, then raised the piece of bread.

'Oh Giles,' she said, laughing: 'you were super. If it hadn't been for you.' She raised her glass to me. I ate the piece of bread. My boss stared from Flavia to me and back again, breathing heavily. Livid, and there was nothing he could do.

'You must let me take you round one day,' I said to his wife. And had the pleasure of hearing him choke.

'Really, Roger,' his wife said. 'How many times must I tell you how bad it is for you to rush your drink. What a lovely idea, Mr Potter. It seems to have suited Flavia so well that I may just have to take you up on your offer one day when you have time.'

My boss's insistence that we adjourn immediately for coffee was almost lost in the Cheltenham peals of Flavia's laughter.

Colin leary

'Sorry about the dress, M'dear, but it did rather clash with my waistcoat.'

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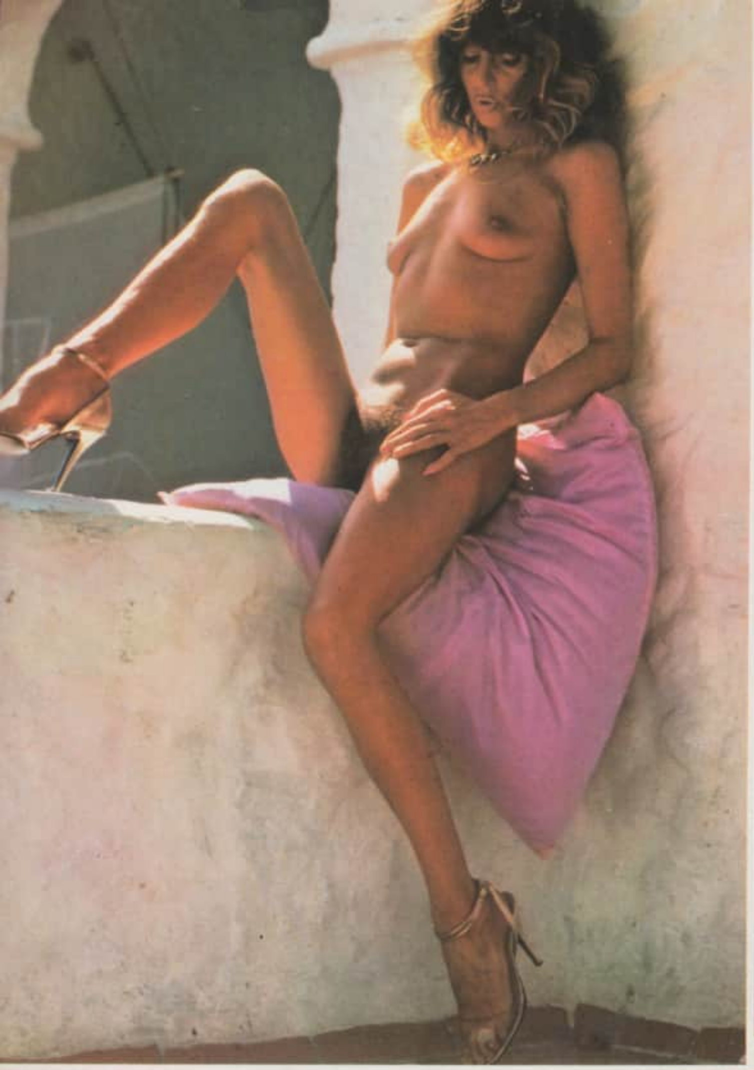
JACKY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Jacky Cunningham is something of a rebel, although she won't admit it. 'I may be a bit of a nonconformist, but I'm no rebel', claims Jacky. 'At school I refused to wear a bra because I found them uncomfortable, not because it was against the rules, and I'm not appearing in *Mayfair* just to shock my wealthy father, but he's cut off my allowance. And besides I've always wanted to show my 34-23-34 curves to the world. I've had this ambition since I was ten!'



Twelve years have passed since Jacky's tenth birthday, but she recalls the day well. 'Daddy' had arranged a surprise visit to one of her favourite uncles and during the afternoon when the adults were talking she roamed his large house in Henley. She walked into the library and enjoyed removing the oldest looking books and blowing the dust off them – it looked just like a plume of smoke billowing across the room. 'I then started to look through a stack of magazines', remembers Jacky. 'There were ones with pictures of horses, others with boats and some with people dressed-up dancing. But then I saw some with colour pictures of ladies. I can remember to this day my reactions – I was angry that I couldn't see everything and I vowed when I grew up I would appear nude for a magazine.' Fortunately Jacky never grew out of this ambition, as we can see.

Jacky takes her number one hobby very seriously. She is devoted to self-indulgence in all forms of pleasure, but mostly lazing in warm climates with a spot of skiing in winter to re-tone the muscles. She was delighted with our choice of location, a villa on the Greek island of Skiathos. 'The Greek islands are my favourite sunbathing haunts', Jacky enthuses. 'There's no fuss about all-over tanning, and once you've tried it you never want to wear a bikini again, not even the bottom half. And I love the woody tasting Retsina wine. I could drink it all day, and night, and wake up feeling ready for more.'

It's still the tobacco that counts

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MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

An Englishman on a business trip to Wales passed away an idle evening with a visit to the cinema, but after the film had been showing for five minutes he sensed the urgent call of nature. He left his seat to look for the gents but after searching in vain he returned and addressed the man next to him: 'Excuse me, would you mind directing me to the gents?'

'Oh, you're new to Wales aren't you boyo,' replied the man. 'Here we do it over the edge of the balcony.'

'Rubbish,' said the Englishman and he went off to ask the usherette, who replied: 'You're new to Wales aren't you. Here we do it over the edge of the balcony.'

The Englishman couldn't believe this so he sought confirmation from the manager, who replied: 'You're new to Wales aren't you, boyo. We do it over the edge of the balcony.'

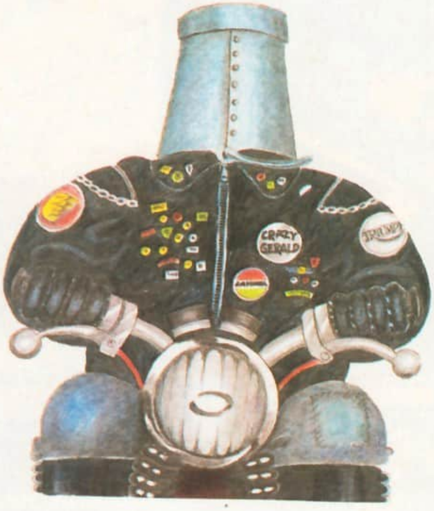
The business man could hardly contain himself any longer so he threw caution to the wind and relieved himself over the edge of the balcony. His water described a perfect arc and landed directly on the head of a bald man who leaped to his feet and shouted: 'You're new to Wales aren't you boyo. Spread it about a bit.'

A very rich and dapper American was waiting in St Peter's Square to catch a glimpse of the Pope during his daily walk-about. The American placed himself in a position where he felt sure the Pope would stop and speak to him.

The Pope arrived, but ignored the rich American and then stopped to whisper to a stinking tramp dressed in rags. The American was furious when exactly the same thing happened the next day, so he went up to the tramp and offered him 100 dollars for his clothes. The tramp agreed and next day the American waited in the tramp's clothes for the Pope to pass.

Sure enough the Pope walked towards the American. He'd cracked it! The Pope was coming over to speak to him; what a wonderful tale he'd have to tell the folks back home.

The Pope stood beside him, bent towards his ear and whispered: 'Fuck off. If I've told you once I've told you a hundred times you old tramp. Fuck off.'



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Two teenage lads were swapping tales one afternoon, and one of the lads was a motorbike fanatic, while his mate could only ever think about girls. The latter turned to his friend and asked him to relate an experience which gave him a real turn on.

'Well, there was this time I stood on the seat of my motorbike and sang the Anthem while riding past a bus queue.'

'That's not really what I meant,' butted in his mate. 'Haven't you ever had a really, really good turn on?' Nudge, nudge.

'Let me see. Ah yes, I remember sitting backwards on my motorbike and riding along the embankment at Putney shouting West Ham for the Cup.'

'No, no, no,' interrupted his girl-crazy friend. 'I'm not making myself clear. Haven't you ever . . . er, umm . . . felt a cunt?'

'Oh yes. The time I fell off my bike trying to ride down Putney High Street with a bucket over my head.'

General Jackson rang down to the motor pool: 'How many cars in there today soldier?'

'Only fatarse Jackson's car.'

'I beg your pardon?'

'I said only fatarse Jackson's car.'

'Do you know who this is?'

'Nope.'

'Well this is General Jackson himself.'

After a pause the soldier replied: 'Do you know who this is?'

'No!' roared the General.

'Well, sod off, fatarse!'

Two elderly English spinsters were holidaying in Scotland, and one day while strolling across the moors they stumbled across an old Scotsman. He was sleeping in the heather with his back to a rock and his knees in the air. With a glint in her eye Mabel said to Mildred: 'Let's find out once and for all what Scotsmen wear under their kilts.'

They carefully raised the sleeping Scotsman's kilt and Mildred exlaimed 'Oh my goodness' as she discovered the truth.

But Mabel was made of stronger stuff and she decided to play a joke on the sleeping Scotsman. Opening her purse she rummaged around for a pink ribbon and then tied a pretty bow around the Scotsman's fundamental organ. The two old ladies then retreated to a safe distance to await the fun.

A while later the old fellow awoke and feeling something below he lifted his kilt and seeing the bow he exclaimed: 'I dinna ken where you've been laddie, but I'm glad to see you've won first prize!'

A golf instructor was getting nowhere with a buxom blonde who was trying to improve her swing.

Exasperated, the instructor suggested that the girl handled the golf club in the same way she handled her boyfriend. She hit a hole in one, but the instructor was not happy.

'Now try it again,' he said. 'But move the club from your mouth to your hands.'

There was an old man called Nasty Nick
Who arrived in this world
With a corkscrew prick
All his life was one long hunt
For a perfect girl with a corkscrew cunt.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

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HONDA
RACE BRED THOROUGHBRE

Flying phantoms of the desert

continued from page 59

commonly agreed by the Middle East command that having the SAS on the strength was like having an extra armoured division. For the opposition, Erwin Rommel said later: 'Stirling's commandos caused us more damage than any other British unit'. The German radio too had begun to talk of the SAS calling them 'British desperadoes' and as more information came into their hands they identified Stirling and christened him 'The Phantom Major'.

Stirling was one of the few commanders who were setting tactics and organising major operations and who were actually out at the sharp end when it came to fighting. He would ask his men to do nothing he could not do himself and this bred a kind of special respect and confidence among his men. Every new officer had to prove himself to his men before he would be accepted as a fully-fledged member of the SAS. Stirling always consulted his seasoned NCOs about officers' conduct during a raid and if he did not meet the very exacting standards of the unit he was soon onto fresh pastures.

This attitude paid dividends. Men were able to pull off acts of extreme endurance and fortitude based on the spirit of confidence and self reliance instilled by Stirling's training methods. For instance, a private named Sillito was with a party laying charges on the railway near Tobruk when they were spotted and attacked. Sillito became separated from the rest of the party. He had three courses of action open to him. He could walk a few miles north and surrender, he could head towards the coastal belt and find friendly arabs who would shelter him until the Eighth Army advanced or he could go into the desert and try to march the 200 miles to the emergency rendezvous. Sillito had no food and only a small canteen of water with which to face days in the desert with temperatures reaching 120 degrees fahrenheit or nights when the temperature dropped below freezing point.

With little hesitation he decided to chance the desert. Occasionally he found piles of discarded petrol cans and was able to lick dew from their surfaces. He found a tin of bully beef in an abandoned tank but was unable to eat anything because his tongue had swollen. He kept the can and used it to hold his urine which he drank. After eight days, with his feet blistered and bleeding, he staggered into the wadi that was the SAS rendezvous. After a fortnight's rest he was back on active duty.

Towards the end of 1942, Stirling was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and told that the SAS was to be expanded to regimental strength. This was proof that his tactics had become an accepted form of warfare in the Western Desert and he now had all the authority he needed to bring the first SAS regiment into being. He had also repeated family history, being the first individual to add a new regiment to the Army strength since an uncle of his had formed the Lovat Scouts during the Boer War.

He thought that at last his fight with officialdom for the survival of the SAS was at an end. His first meeting with General Montgomery therefore came as a shock. Stirling needed Montgomery's permission to handpick recruits for the new regiment from men of the Eighth Army. Stirling knew nothing of the new commander and when they met for the first time, Stirling outlined his plans for how the SAS would be able to help the Eighth Army in the forthcoming offensive. He said he would have to recruit at least 150 men with a high percentage of officers and NCOs, all experienced fighting men.

Monty reacted unfavourably. He needed all the men he had for the offensive only a fortnight away and would not release men for the two month training course that Stirling would give them when their experience would be invaluable to his strategy. Monty thought Stirling arrogant and told him so and flatly refused to let him have any seasoned men. He terminated the interview with both men in high temper. Stirling knew he was beaten and retreated to recruit men from the infantry base depot to begin the long SAS training programme.

Stirling took charge of the training programme himself while Paddy Mayne was sent out to carry out as many raids as possible against the Mersa Matruh railway line and the coastal road. During the following six weeks, the SAS wrought havoc on the coast road and destroyed great lengths of the railway line. While Stirling was training the new members of his force, the battle of Alamein was being fought and he was bitterly disappointed that his regiment had been unready to take an active part in the battle.

However, the period was not one of total disappointment. The recruits were progressing nicely and Winston Churchill had shown a close interest in Stirling and his activities, and had given permission for Stirling's brother Bill to raise a second SAS regiment to be attached to the British First Army.

When Stirling heard that Montgomery was planning a major offensive in January 1943 to link the First and Eighth Armies, he saw an ideal opportunity of enhancing the reputation of the SAS by making it the first unit to form the required link.

On January 10 he left his base with a party of fourteen men in five Jeeps. Each Jeep was self-sufficient and capable of operating away from base for periods of at least two weeks. They travelled along the route the Eighth Army would take in its outflanking manoeuvre to reach the First Army lines. Near the hills south of El Hama, the party was spotted by German aircraft and although it was too late in the day for the aircraft to make an attack, Stirling knew that the presence of the small convoy would be reported to the nearest German ground forces. Although no one had slept for forty-eight hours, he decided to push on through the night to put as much ground as possible between his unit and the place they had been spotted.

They managed twenty miles during the night and, nearing dawn the Jeeps were

turn to page 123

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Jenny the Wren

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PHIL LEEK

All the nice girls love a sailor, go the words to the popular song. But all the boys seem to love a wren. For 21-year-old Jenny Wren's 35–23–35 figure is popular with civilians and ratings alike, specially when it is clad in her uniform. Our sauciest sailor's name is not really Jenny, but for the sake of her career we have promised not to ask who she really is. 'I could get into trouble if I am ever found out. But I have always liked to try everything once so I thought it would be fun to pose for *Mayfair.*' Ever since we showed WRAC Lieutenant Roberta Platt-Higgins back in Vol 11 No 8, we have been asked for more military misses. Now the navy has a chance to show its worth.

Jenny joined the navy after taking her O Levels at a school near her home in Reading, and she is still very happy with the life. 'I have always been fascinated by ships and wanted to join up from an early age. Of course, there is the bonus of all those sailors.' Jenny finds that men do seem to fancy girls in uniform. 'I don't know why, I just make the most of it.' Jenny is something of an expert on naval history, and a favourite pastime of hers is to curl up in bed with a book of great sea battles. 'But don't think I am a bookworm. I also love dancing and you will find me at one of the discos in Portsmouth, where I am based, quite often.' Jenny has an ambition to sail right round the world one day with just one other person. 'I haven't got anyone particular in mind yet, but it must be a man so he can help me while away all those lonely hours in the mid-Atlantic.'

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QUEST

The laboratory of human response Volume Eleven

Sex in the out-of-doors has long been an important aspect of human sexuality. The reasons are numerous: wishing to be at one with nature, or, perhaps, the risk of chance discovery. Sometimes, though, discovery is just what the participants are seeking. This month Quest listens to accounts from those who gained increased pleasure from witnessing 'love out doors'.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

Waitress, 18 years old, dark haired, town of origin Reading

This interviewee left school at the age of 16 and worked variously in a factory, office and shops; she now serves in a cafeteria. She lives at home with her divorced mother.

Quest: To be perfectly honest, I asked to talk to you because I was told you had a fairly open attitude to sex.

Waitress: You've been talking to Linda, haven't you? She couldn't keep a secret if you gagged her.

Quest: You're not offended?

Waitress: She's a mate. I don't mind Linda. We have a good laugh together.

Quest: When you're spotting?

Waitress: She told you that! Well, you know everything, don't you?

Quest: What does it really mean?

Waitress: It's a secret, isn't it? No, I won't mess you about. It's something Linda and I invented. You know flashing, dirty old men. Well, we're the women's lib version.

Quest: You mean you expose yourselves?

Waitress: No! Well, sometimes it's a bit like that, but it's really when you're with a fellow, seeing how far you can go. Out in the open.

Quest: Open air sex?

Waitress: Yes.

Quest: Anywhere in particular?

Waitress: In the country, on the beach, in the park – that's the best one.

Quest: Because you're so close to people?

Waitress: You're right next to them, aren't you? I've never done it all there; I sucked a boy once. Linda's done the lot, though.

Quest: She told you that?

Waitress: I was there. We were lying on the grass with these two boys. A Saturday afternoon; it was scorching. I only had a tee-shirt and jeans on, and Linda had her jeans and this floppy peasant top which came over her hips. No bra, though. The boys got some beer and some lollies. We'd only met them in the pub the night before and I knew Linda was dead keen on her bloke. He was big and sandy-haired, a bit of a tearaway, I think. And we were both snogging – I wasn't so serious. But suddenly Linda and her bloke were really getting it on.

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Waitress: Oh come on! We were lying next to them; he had his hand up her top and I could see his thing in his jeans; it was practically breaking the zip. They were lying next to each other, stretched out, and I saw his hand tugging at Linda's zip on her jeans. Next minute she was helping him push them down, knickers and all and he was rolling on top of her.

Quest: How close were other people?

Waitress: I suppose nine or ten yards. I don't know. We were under this big tree so you couldn't see us from behind. There was this middle-aged couple. Oh, that was funny. They were the nearest. The old woman was lying down with a newspaper over her head, and the man was just sitting there watching the world go by. He knew what was going on, dirty old sod. He kept pretending to look behind us. He must have heard Linda; she was making little moaning sounds, and then her bloke's jeans slipped down at the back and he moved down between her legs. My bloke had noticed by now and was saying, 'Hey up, who's having it away then?' Very loudly. The old man jumped, I swear. I just stared at Lin. I could see her face all screwed up, she was biting her lip. I knew how quickly she got worked up; she was like me. But I'd never seen her this close before. Then her bloke's jeans pulled right off his bum and I could see the crack between his cheeks. And Lin gave a little squeak, so I knew he was up her. Then her bloke began moving up and down very gently, but each time he did more of his bum poked out of his jeans. My bloke said, 'Bloody hell,' as if he couldn't decide whether to laugh or just stare. Actually thinking back it was very funny. The old man near us was straining so hard not to look, and it was so obvious with this white bum bouncing up and down – if any one had walked by we'd have been arrested. But at the time I was just worked up myself.

Quest: What did you do?

Waitress: I pulled my bloke down in front of them and started snogging, so that at least they'd be shielded a bit. My bloke said, 'We going to have a go, then?' So I said, 'Alright, why not?'And that's when I unzipped him and pulled him out. That stopped him. He was quite hard already anyway.

Quest: Would you have had sex with him if you'd wanted to?

Waitress: I didn't fancy him enough; petting was alright – that's nothing, is it?

Quest: I wonder why the threat of exposure while you were having sex was so exciting?

Waitress: I just like it; people's reactions. It's just better. I've got no objection to people seeing my body – I won't have tits like this forever, will I? And blokes' reactions are great – their faces sometimes – it's all their dreams come true and they can't cope. I think that's so funny. Lin and I have played some lovely tricks.

Quest: Can you give me an example?

Waitress: The best was when Lin wanted to get off with this college lad she'd met. I thought he was a bit drippy but she was dead keen, only she couldn't get him to do anything. She'd thought he'd run a mile if she said, 'Well, what are we waiting for?' Anyway I met this really dishy-looking blond guy called Steve I was practically wetting my knickers over him but we hadn't really got going yet. So Lin and I had this idea. We'd go out for a picnic as a foursome, somewhere in the country, and find some excuse to separate. Then Steve and I would get down to it and Lin and Tim – I think his name was – would come back and find us. Which would get Tim going and Lin could take it from there.

Quest: Is that what happened?

Waitress: Well, it got a bit out of hand! The boys agreed to come – Steve had a car – Lin and I brought some sandwiches and a blanket, and the boys brought a lot of beer. Lin and I had our best jeans on; she had a tee-shirt and I had my favourite vee-neck pink pully; no bra, just a load of perfume and I could see by the way Steve couldn't take his eyes off my chest it was going to work alright. Anyway it was a really hot day and we went down all these back lanes until we came to this huge field of really high grass, up to your waist – with trees at the back of it. And we decided to put the blanket down at the edge of the trees where there was some shade. I don't know what we ate but we had a hell of a lot to drink and then Lin gave me the wink and said she and Tim were going for a walk. I don't think he'd thought too much about that, but when she grabbed his hand they both stumbled off into the trees.

Quest: Nothing had happened between you yet?

Waitress: Oh Steve had tried to grab me a bit in the car, but only joking. I noticed Tim didn't do much of that with Lin. But Steve started grinning at me as if he knew he was all set up. So I didn't take a blind bit of notice. Instead I said, 'I think I'll do some sun-bathing,' and stretched out on the blanket. 'Oh yes,' said Steve, 'going to show us your Marks and Sparks bra, then?' So I told him I didn't wear a bra, which threw him a bit. Then he said, 'Oh topless, then?' So I smiled and said, 'Why, are you shy?' He didn't know what to say to that; I knew he couldn't tell if I was having him on or not. So he laughed and said, 'You wouldn't do that.' You hope! I thought. So I sat up and looked at him and said, 'Aren't you going to help me then?' He stared at me. I lifted up the bottom of my pully and then reached out my arms to him. 'Come on,' I said. 'I can't sit here covered up all day. But don't you touch anything you shouldn't, mind.' And he caught my elbow and lifted the pully over my head – I just felt his hands, all trembling and sweaty! 'Do you like them?' I said. He just swallowed and stared. 'Come on then,' I said, 'I'm not lying here starkers on my own. You too.' That really flustered him, but I didn't let up.

Quest: And he undressed too?

Waitress: Down to his pants; his prick was practically sticking out the top by then. I was pulling off my jeans, so I said, 'Them too. I'm not lying here bare-arsed on my own.' He said, 'Someone'll see.' I said, 'Don't be daft, no one'll be back for ages. Anyway, who cares? Bit of bare tit never hurt anyone.' And I pulled off my knickers, without looking at him, and lay back on the blanket, closing my eyes. I heard him getting off his pants, so I waited a bit and said, 'You can lie down beside me, I don't mind.' And he got down beside me – it was all I could do to stop bursting out laughing or just jumping on him. Then I opened my eyes; he was leaning back on his elbows, his face scarlet and his legs crossed on either side of this bloody great erection. He wasn't small, I'll give him that. So I said, 'Don't you think my figure's up to it?' He swallowed and said, 'I think your figure's bloody fantastic.' I lay back and said, 'You look as if you're telling the truth.' Then he swore and turned over and I sat up again. 'It doesn't bother me,' I said. 'You can do something about it, if you like. I've never seen a man jerk off before. Would you let me watch?' And his hand was right over his cock and practically curling round it when he saw my face – I just couldn't hold it back any longer; it was killing me. I gave a great shriek of laughter. 'Oh for God's sake stop playing with yourself, Steve, and give it to me hard,' I cried. He went berserk! I've never seen so much relief and embarrassment and anger in a bloke's face all at once. He shouted, 'You rotten, prick-teasing cow!' And went to swipe at me. I squealed and jumped out the way; I couldn't stop laughing. And we chased each other all over this bloody field, yelling and shouting, absolutely starkers. Steve jumped at me, his cock sticking out in front, and I dashed into the trees. It was absolutely crazy; then we heard voices.

Quest: Linda and Tim?

Waitress: I was going to shout out to them because it was getting out of hand – I knew Steve was joking too by now but I knew I was going to get a good seeing too as well. He caught my arm and then my boob and started struggling with me. He was grinning and shouting. 'You little cow; I'm going to shag you!' I was saying, 'Don't stick that thing in me!' It was like some sex farce. And then there were Lin and Tim. God knows where they'd come from, arm in arm, very lovey-dovey but absolutely goggle-eyed. Steve and I were just so hysterical; we couldn't stop if we tried. Steve said, 'Oh shit!' I was just cackling; their faces looked so stupid. And I reached right down and grabbed Steve and said, 'Look what he wants to stuff into me; I don't know what's come over him!' And Steve flung his arm at me again and I ducked and waddled off back to the field. And Steve rushed up beside me, smacked me hard on the bum and we both tumbled over into the grass, all breathless and giggling. Then it got more serious and he turned me over – I was pretending to struggle by now. And he leaned down and licked my nipples.

Quest: How close were Linda and Tim?

Waitress: Oh very close; there was no way they couldn't see.

Quest: Go on.

Waitress: I said, 'You going to put that in me now?' And I reached down and

The Singles Story

Once upon a time......................

.... but not so long ago, Dateline introduced a new concept into the lives of millions of single men and women. That concept was computer dating. The idea came from America and its success was proven. So in 1966 we launched Dateline International in this country. Thirteen years on we are more in demand than ever and can look back happy in the knowledge that we have helped many thousands of people on the road to a more satisfactory way of life. Not just through love and marriage — though even in that field our success rate is high — but simply through bringing people together and expanding their social lives as a result.

There are in the United Kingdom more than 7,000,000 men and women aged between 18 and 64 who are single, either because they have not married or because their marriage has ended in widowhood, separation or divorce. Evidence from a survey of a thousand single people commissioned by Dateline indicates that at any one time, half these people think of themselves as lonely.

Their situation is primarily one of reaction to social pressures. For despite changing social attitudes the unmarried 'over 25' is still regarded as 'odd'. Parents talk of 'settling down', while bank managers, building societies and council housing departments assume an air of suspicion.

The consumer economy is designed to sell to the nuclear family unit, so that television, radio and press advertising reinforces the impression that being unmarried is unusual after a certain age, if not downright reprehensible.

The separated and divorced fare little better especially when children are involved. Very often they are seen as victims of their own inadequacies; even by their children.

Although widows and widowers probably receive more public sympathy than other singles their individual situation is often no better and many become acutely aware that they live in a society where their psychological needs for companionship, sexual involvement and emotional security are either going to be unmet or fulfilled only in spite of suspicion, derision and hostility from their children, their neighbours, married friends and society in general. The lonely, predatory widow, sexually frustrated and ready to drag the nearest man to the altar on any terms is still a stereotype accepted by many.

Faced with this situation it is encouraging that many people are now reacting positively to their single state. There is a growing determination to enjoy life on their own terms which for the majority means communicating with, and enjoying the company of, other like-minded people. The 'lonely hearts' explanation of the large numbers using computer dating — tens of thousands of active members, for example on Dateline's books — is largely unsupportable. Computer dating is by no means the monopoly of the lonely 'odd-balls' seeking the manifestation of their romantic dreams. Rather it is a practical way of contacting other singles with an equally positive outlook.

We are always delighted to hear of yet another marriage via the computer and we could quote impressive figures but they would do nothing to prove our point. They are not and cannot ever be substituted for what computer dating offers — an acceptable, proven, and practical answer for those who accept the single state positively but still need compatible people to share life's ups and downs with.

Dateline **is meeting the challenge** which single people are now increasingly posing to society at large — the challenge of being taken seriously for what they are. And as our understanding of the 'modern' single has increased so has our range of activities.

Club Singles **for instance, provides the best in single holidaymaking.** We don't claim to be amongst the cheapest holidays — we can't possibly compete with the giant holiday companies - we DO claim three carefully selected holiday centres where the unattached person is guaranteed a good time and compatible company.

Breakaway Weekends..... **offers exactly what it says. A chance to break away from routine for a couple of days in the company of similarly motivated people and relaxing surroundings.** Very often these take place within the UK but occasionally we offer something a little more 'exotic' which takes you to foreign parts. Our recent Danish Breakaway cruise was a huge success. One happy client wrote: 'Value for money was certainly of the essence on the Dana Anglia, nice clean accommodation was provided, endless supplies of food and the facilities for 'recreation' i.e. dancing, drinking and dining were excellent... everyone made new friends and a reunion party has been arranged in London.'

Singles Society is the name which covers more than 70 autonomous groups of single people throughout the U.K. Activities and social life are organised in accordance with the wishes of the group members — whose ages range from 17 to 70! — by the various SROs (Singles Regional Organisers).

Select....Three years ago we also launched **'Singles Scene'** — a broadsheet style publication designed specifically for the single person. Such was the response that a year later we decided a fully fledged magazine was called for. We named it **'Singles'.** The last two years have seen many changes in its editorial content and design as our awareness of the needs of today's single has developed. Today we call it **'Select'.**

There is no doubt that out 'Personal Ads' section is a winner. As an alternative to computer dating it has met with enormous success. Many of our advertisers have shown themselves to be regular masters of the written word with their bright and witty copy, and the letters we receive daily prove how well the system works as a means of expanding their social life and making new friends. Perhaps the one criticism which may be justifiably levelled at this method of meeting people is the fact that some ads have received so many replies that the recipient has been hard put to reply to them all. For instance '*gent, attractive, 53, loves children, wanting to meet lady for friendship, marriage*' had 155 replies while '*shy 29 year old lady wanting to meet gentle reserved man, loner like herself*' had 118 replies.

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touched the end of his cock. God, it felt beautiful, like a hot poker. And Steve said, 'Yes, I am and you're going to feel it. Do you want to watch?' He was positioned right between my legs now and I lifted my head and I could see the end of it just in front of my slit. And I said, 'Lin and Tim can see us.' And Steve said, 'So bloody what.' And he actually turned round and shouted to them,' Hey Lin, Tim! Want to come a bit closer. I'm just going to give it to her.' I said, 'Put it in, put it in.' And he laughed and said, 'I ought to make you bloody wait too, shouldn't I, you little sexpot. Well here it is.' And he pushed it into me. That was so bloody sweet, I thought I'd faint. And he did it bit by bit, the sod, till my whole body was shaking, right on the edge of my climax. Then he ran out of breath and came all in one rush; I think I nearly passed out. That doesn't happen often with me.

Quest: Did your ruse work with Linda and Tim?

Waitress: Oh yes; we started back to the blanket after a bit but all we could see was them thrashing about. So we went back for some more. Lin said he was fantastic afterwards, but it didn't last. I think she frightened him off.

Quest: And Steve?

Waitress: He was alright, a bit of a wanker; I don't like men I can boss about.

Quest: And you're still 'spotting?'

Waitress: When I feel like it. Why not?

Quest: Thank you very much.

The interview that follows breaks new ground for Quest in that instead of being with one person – as is the norm – it is with a couple. To preserve their guaranteed anonimity, we have given both interviewees fictitious names – Derek and Jill. Derek, who is 27 years old and comes from Stafford, is a laboratory technician with a chemical research organisation; Jill is a 23-year-old secretary with a firm of estate agents. Her town of origin is Wolverhampton. The couple are not married, but live together in a small flat.

Quest: Do you both actually *prefer* making love out of doors as opposed to inside?

Jill: I think I do. More so than Derek in fact. I'm not saying I'd like it on a freezing winter's day or anything like that, but in the middle of summer it does add something.

Derek: And I'm not complaining either. Whenever we do it out of doors, Jill gets so randy that I have a job satisfying her.

Quest: When did you first get out of the bedroom and into the fields, so to speak?

Derek: Actually it was more the other way round. We both lived at home before moving in together, so the use of bedrooms was few and far between. We'd go out for the evening and then drive to the local lover's lane and fool around a bit in the car before going home.

Quest: Fool around? How exactly?

Derek: Well I don't know if you've ever tried, but it's not that easy to make mad passionate love in the back of a Renault 5. We'd just kiss and sort of touch each other up, but somehow or other Jill always seemed to end up with more off than on – if you follow my meaning. It was like that the night we got caught.

Jill: Oh God! Don't tell him about that.

Derek: She's being shy now. She certainly wasn't at the time.

Quest: Why don't we let Jill tell the story?

Derek: No, I'll tell you. I'm quite enjoying this. We'd parked the car and begun our usual thing. Jill was dressed very conveniently that evening.

Quest: How do you mean?

Derek: Well she had this button-through dress with a pair of knickers underneath and one of those bras that opens in the front. Much easier than having to rummage around behind. Anyway, before long she was sprawled there half-naked trying to unzip me. I was so concerned with trying to help her that I didn't realise some bloke was looking through the window. I think we both must have seen him at the same time. My first reaction was to somehow try and cover Jill up, but she just squealed and clamped her legs together tight. Obviously the noise made this chap take off, but when we'd calmed down, it seemed that Jill had been really turned on by the whole thing – hadn't you?

Jill: Not really. Derek says I'm an exhibitionist but I couldn't consciously have sex in front of someone. It's just that seeing that guy there turned me on. I don't know why. I mean that squeal was me coming. I felt very embarrassed afterwards though.

Quest: But you must have overcome that embarrassment since.

Jill: The thought that someone might see us makes me tingle all over. We've only actually been caught twice, which isn't very often considering the number of times we do it. We're a lot more choosy now though as to where we do it. I think we've grown out of the back seat stage.

Derek: And telephone boxes.

Jill: He's awful. I'm going to sound like a raving nympho by the time he's finished.

Quest: I'm intrigued by the telephone box.

Jill: All that happened was that Derek's car had broken down, so I had to go home by train. We got to the station about twenty minutes before the last train arrived. We were sitting in the waiting room just having a cuddle when this old bag started to get snotty with us, so we went outside. It had started to rain, so rather than hang around outside the waiting room, we stood in the telephone kiosk just outside the station.

Derek: One thing led to another and we managed to do it standing up. It's not that hard actually. Or maybe I should have said difficult!

Quest: Did anyone see you?

Jill: No. It was quite late after all. It was a lot of fun though.

Quest: You said earlier that you'd been caught twice. I presume the first time was in the back of your car. When was the second?

Derek: That was quite recently. We go to the local university during the holidays as the grounds are beautiful, and out of term-time the place is practically deserted. We go down for the day with a picnic and a couple of bottles of wine and what with the sun and the booze, we're both normally pretty far gone by mid-afternoon. This particular day, we followed our usual routine and by the time we'd finished the first bottle, Jill was getting rather frisky.

Jill: Funny how he makes out it's always *me* that starts these things off. *I'm* going to tell this story. We were both quite tiddled and I was feeling very randy. Too much wine makes me slightly aggressive, whereas Derek just goes to sleep. I was lying in the long grass with my shirt undone and playing with my nipples, making them go all big and hard and trying to get him interested. It was sort of role-reversal because *he* was the one who was playing hard to get, so I knelt up and stripped off completely and it was funny because although he was pretending to snooze and not be interested, his erection was enormous and he couldn't stop his cock twitching inside his trousers. I started to really tease him. As you can see, my boobs are quite big and Derek goes mad when I push them together and poke my tongue out so it just touches my nipples. It didn't take much of me doing that to get him awake. We just fell together with me trying to get his trousers off and him squeezing and sucking my boobs. I was giggling and shouting, but it was OK as we were about half-a-mile away from the main campus and although the sort of park where we were is busy in term, it really was deserted. I mean it's more a landscaped wood, not a park with clipped grass and benches and things.

Quest: I follow you. Please go on.

Jill: Well we started making love. It was gorgeous. We were both naked, lying there together with him moving in and out really slowly. It seemed like it was going on for hours and hours. We were both on the point of coming when the grass began to rustle like someone was walking towards us. Derek looked up and began to pull away, but I grabbed his cock and rubbed it up and down against the crack of my pussy, which made his cock seem to grow even bigger until he came all over my tummy. It made my orgasm just explode.

Quest: So as far as you're concerned, Jill, the fact that Derek pulled out at the crucial moment didn't bother you?

Jill: It would have been nicer if he'd come inside me, but it was ever so sexy having him come over me.

Quest: What about you, Derek?

Derek: I don't know really. If it had been kids that had disturbed us, I'd just have sworn at them or something, but in fact it was this other young couple. They may have had the same thing on their mind, for all I know. They were grinning away. I felt a bit embarrassed, but incredibly turned on at the same time – if you know what I mean.

Quest: Can either of you give a reason as to why you enjoy sex in the open so much?

Jill: It's the thought that you *might* be seen. It somehow makes the whole thing naughty and illicit – and fun!

Derek: I don't think of myself as a raving sex-fiend because I like sex outdoors. I mean we're never likely to do it in really public places, though it might be a laugh to see if we *could* without anyone noticing. For me, the whole thing is the knowledge that you might be seen. The risk element, if you like.

Quest: Thank you both very much.

Personal assistant, 23 years old, brunette, single, town of origin Huddersfield

This interviewee, a bright and intelligent girl, left school at 17 after gaining seven O-levels. She abandoned her A-level course to come to London.

Quest: What single factor has had the most pronounced impact on your sexual outlook?

PA: I think it must have been when I was 17 – shortly after I moved to London and I met this boy, Alan.

Quest: Why did he make such an impression on you?

PA: He didn't – what happened *did.*

Quest: And what was that exactly?

PA: I came down to town with Claire – she's my best friend – and after a few months living with an aunt of mine, Claire and I got this teeny weeny two-bed flat in Chiswick. We started going out to discos and the like and I met Alan. He was alright, I suppose, a bit full of himself, if you know what I mean.

Quest: So, what happened?

PA: Well, Claire came in one night after having gone out with her chap and caught us at it.

Quest: Having sex?

PA: Yes, on the living room carpet, but instead of going out or saying anything she just kept watching us.

Quest: Didn't you see her?

PA: No, we were lying sort of at right angles to the door so no one saw her.

Quest: How did you find out then?

PA: Claire told me afterwards – I couldn't believe what she was telling me.

Quest: And what was that?

PA: I mean she apologised and everything but said that she just hadn't been able to control herself. I thought it very odd that someone would actually want to watch another couple making love – it just shows, doesn't it, how much I knew? She told me in detail what she had seen and heard. And, of course, the sad thing was that she'd broken with her boyfriend earlier that evening and had come home for a good cry. She hadn't expected Alan to be there.

Quest: Did she describe her feelings?

PA: Oh yes, Neither Claire or I were virgins, mind you, but she told me it was the most sexy thing she had seen as Alan kneaded my breasts and flicked at my nipples with his tongue. She explained that as he started to thrust violently into me, she had wanted to turn away but couldn't – and she was afraid that when the record ended we'd notice her heavy breathing.

Quest: You had the stereo on? That's why you didn't hear Claire come in?

PA: Yes. After Alan had come she slipped out and to her bedroom where, she told me later, she had masturbated.

Quest: What effect did her story have on *you?*

PA: That's the strangest thing. From being embarrassed at first, I began to feel very funny. It fascinated me and I began to ache down there, you know. It wasn't as though I wanted to bring myself off or anything but the idea that I had unknowingly put on a cabaret for Claire made me feel terribly wicked. All embarrassment had gone – and that's what I found hard to believe. I mean surely I should have felt guilty? But what really fascinated me was what Claire had felt.

Quest: So it became an obsession with you?

PA: Good heavens, no. I didn't go out with my binoculars looking for courting couples. It did, however, stay firmly rooted in my sexual fantasies.

Quest: What were these fantasies?

PA: Like strolling through a park on a warm day and stumbling upon a couple making love in broad daylight.

Quest: Some fantasy.

PA: It's unbelievable isn't it? But sex is unbelievable. And something like that isn't as far fetched as it sounds.

Quest: You mean the couple in Crete?

PA: There you are – unless that had been reported in the national press, no one would have believed it. (The incident referred to took place earlier this year in Crete when a young teenage couple were jailed for making love in the high street of a local village in front of a crowd of interested onlookers).

Quest: Extraordinary, I agree, but back to you. At a later date your fantasy did come true. Could you explain how?

PA: With a lot of help from Claire.

Quest: You conspired then?

PA: That was the original idea. Claire has always been the more adventurous of the two of us. Sexually too, I believe, and at the same time the most vulnerable, if you know what I mean.

Quest: So how did your scheme develop?

PA: Well, it wasn't a full-blooded plan, and in the end I don't believe she set it up. But at first we did talk about it. We didn't say that on such-and-such a day at such-and-such a time I'd sneak up and watch her and her bloke humping away. It was more sophisticated than that, really.

Quest: How so?

PA: We were both fascinated by the idea and it was more or less left open, that if ever the opportunity arose, then Claire wouldn't mind if I accidentally found them.

Quest: So how did this come about?

PA: It didn't for a year or more. In the meantime Claire met this nice boy, Greg. He was really quite a madcap. Once for a holiday we hired a Luton van and went down to Cornwall for a week – sleeping in the back of the van.

Quest: And that's where you witnessed Claire and Greg making love?

PA: No, not actually witnessed, would you believe. There were four of us – Claire and Greg and Graham and I. Graham was the boy I was going with at the time.

Quest: So what happened on this holiday?

PA: Nothing more was said about me watching, but something happened one day. And I began to believe that I would, after all, get my wish.

Quest: And what was that?

PA: We'd gone down on the beach; it was a warm day, but not hot and it was a weekday – there weren't all that many people about. It was overcast – the sun trying to come through but failing. We walked quite a way, away from what people there were and found a nice little stretch of sand with only another couple there. As time wore on, the sun came out and Claire and I took off our tops to get a tan. We both had bikinis on and settled down for a quiet snooze. Graham wanted to go into town and buy some film so off he went, and that left Claire and I and Greg. I was very drowsy and kept dozing off but once when I woke up I saw something which made me go all moist.

Quest: What did you see?

PA: Claire was lying on her stomach and Greg was rubbing her back with suntan oil. 'Are you going to do my front too?' she asked. I'd turned my head to watch – lucky I was wearing sun-glasses, so they couldn't see me watching. Claire turned over and I saw her bare boobs – all white with nipples like acorns. It was very erotic: Greg's hands working overtime massaging oil into her boobs.

Quest: Had he an erection?

PA: He was wearing cut down jeans and I caught a glimpse of it. I couldn't resist squeezing my legs together and giving myself a little tug in my vagina.

Quest: Is this where they made love?

PA: No. Claire strapped on her bra again and they got up and walked off up the beach and found another spot behind some rocks. I suppose that they just wanted to do it there and then – as sometimes happens.

Quest: So what did you do?

PA: I waited till they had disappeared then set off after them. I found them in a little sheltered area by the water's edge. Greg was lying next to Claire, gently stroking her naked body – this time she'd taken off her briefs – and indulging in deep kissing. When Greg's hand moved down between Claire's open legs I couldn't help touching myself there too. The excitement was tremendous – Claire wouldn't have minded me watching but I preferred her not to know. I wanted to strip completely and touch myself all over but I couldn't: there were still other people around, albeit in the distance. I just stroked my clitty. I've never reached orgasm so fast before. It seemed to me that I was the one being screwed. When Greg finished playing with Claire's vagina, he stood up and slid his shorts down and I caught a glimpse of his thick penis as he slid it into Claire. *I* could feel him. I came long before he did: I orgasmed on his second or third stroke as Claire asked him to do her harder. This sounds so terrible, doesn't it?

Quest: No. What were your feelings?

PA: Tremendous at the time. It's hard now to turn them into words. Honestly thrilling, I'd say. I had an ache in my vagina for some time afterwards.

Quest: Had C[illegible] [illegible]liberately arranged it?

PA: You kn[illegible]r mentioned it to her.

Quest: Have you [illegible]y wish to do it again?

PA: I'm no pervert, and besides not everyone would be so understanding as Claire.

Quest: Thank you.

The low tar cigarette.
SILK CUT
VENTILATED FILTER
BENSON and HEDGES
KING SIZE.
SC067

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H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Angela

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

The very thought of insects is enough to send shivers up and down the spines of most girls. But sexy Angela Brown gets a real buzz out of them, literally. For her hobby is bee-keeping, or apiculture as the experts call it. And she can be seen most weekends in the garden of the Essex village where she lives, looking after her hives, her 34–24–36 figure hidden under the protective clothing she often wears.

'It is an unusual hobby for a girl, or so everyone tells me, but I don't see why it should be. My two brothers and my father used to keep bees when I lived at home so I suppose I am carrying on the family tradition. Anyway I am very fond of honey and I find it very satisfying to have my private factory at the bottom of my garden.' Angela does come in for some ribbing from her colleagues in the typing pool of the office where she spends her days pounding the keys. 'When I tell them I am interested in apiculture they start talking about pet monkeys and gorillas. I agree, it is an odd name but now I just don't think about it. Anyway, when people laugh about it I tell them to buzz off or bee-have,' she laughed. Throughout the years she has been involved with bees, 20-year-old Angela has been stung only a few times. She says it is not a dangerous hobby if you are careful. 'Bees are not likely to sting except when provoked.'

We couldn't resist asking Angela how various boyfriends reacted to her hobby? 'Most of them find it interesting, and want to know all about it. But funnily enough very few of them ever take up my offer to come down and take a look at the hives. They have probably seen too many of those horror films where people get attacked by killer bees.' Angela met her present boyfriend through her hobby when she was asked to collect a swarm which had settled on a tree in his garden. 'He was very impressed when I just walked up and removed them. We started chatting and he asked me out for a drink and dinner.'

GOLD BLOCK
Subtle Persuasive Distinctive

Flying phantoms of the desert

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halted and camouflaged to hide up during the day. In the first light of day, Stirling saw that their hideout was less than a mile from a road packed with German transport who by some miracle were still unaware of the SAS presence. Stirling and his men had no choice but to stay put and hope their camouflage would be good enough for them to escape detection. Stirling gave the order for his men to get whatever sleep they could.

Their hiding place was a small wadi and Stirling awoke to the strident command of a red-faced German soldier waving a pistol at him. The German ordered him to follow and Stirling obeyed as the Germans backed down the wadi, all the time waiting for an opportunity to jump the German. As they rounded a bed, Stirling realised that any attempt at escape for the time being was impossible as grouped around the edge of the slight rise above the wadi were hundreds of guns of every type pointing down at the dejected group of British soldiers huddled at the bottom. A force of at least 500 men were there to round up the SAS party.

Stirling learned later that the troops had been specially imported from Germany with the sole task of hunting down the SAS and much to his disgust he was told that he himself had been captured by the dentist of the unit. In fact, the Germans had not known the SAS were in the wadi and had just been carrying out a training exercise and had chosen that wadi by pure chance. The SAS prisoners were searched. A group of Germans uncovered the Jeeps and collected the weapons while another group walked the length of the wadi machine-gunning likely hiding places. The prisoners were put aboard lorries and driven to a deserted garage. They were given no food; the Germans said they were to be shot and that it would be a waste of food. Some time earlier, Hitler had issued a special order concerning the SAS. It read: 'Captured SAS troops must be handed over to the nearest Gestapo unit. These men are very dangerous and the presence of SAS in any area must be immediately reported. They must be ruthlessly exterminated'. Although the order was ominous and was carried out during later operations in Europe, none of the SAS at this stage was unduly worried. Rommel was an officer of the 'old school' and so far had defied the order and had treated SAS prisoners very correctly.

On the second night of his captivity, Stirling's chance of freedom came when two guards escorted him and another prisoner out for exercise. Catching the men off-guard Stirling and the other SAS man made a break for it but became separated. Stirling, using a compass secreted in a jacket button, navigated more than fifteen miles overnight making for the emergency rendezvous at Bir Soltane.

During his second night on the run an arab spotted him and offered food and shelter for the night. Stirling saw no harm in going a short way with the man to discover if his offer was genuine. Walking along the bottom of a wadi, the arab fell behind but motioned for Stirling to go ahead. Reaching the top of the walls of the wadi, Stirling was confronted by five Italian trucks and he turned to run but was stopped by the arab who was now brandishing a pistol. Italians spilled out of the trucks but before they could reach Stirling he had smashed the arab to the ground in rage and was just about to run into the desert when the Italians overpowered him.

The Italians flew Stirling out of Africa to the punishment camp at Galvi on the Italian mainland. He managed to escape from the camp four times. Once he was free for five days and another time for eleven days before being recaptured. His unusual height always gave him away and he was finally transferred to Colditz where he spent the rest of the war.

Although that was the end of the war for the 'Phantom Major' it was far from the end for the SAS. Under the command of Paddy Mayne and Bill Stirling the SAS regiments took part in further operations in Africa and on the European mainland, instilling fear into many more enemy hearts before hostilities ceased.

Both the Stirling brothers and Paddy Mayne survived the war but only the Stirlings are alive today. Tragically, Mayne was killed in a car crash several years after the war ended.

David Stirling was awarded the DSO – many believed he deserved a far higher decoration.

Surefire winners

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Most men have a vision of their ideal pub – a rural corner. Many would like to own one. But what sort you stock? And most important, how would you deal insurmountable. The solution is simple: become your

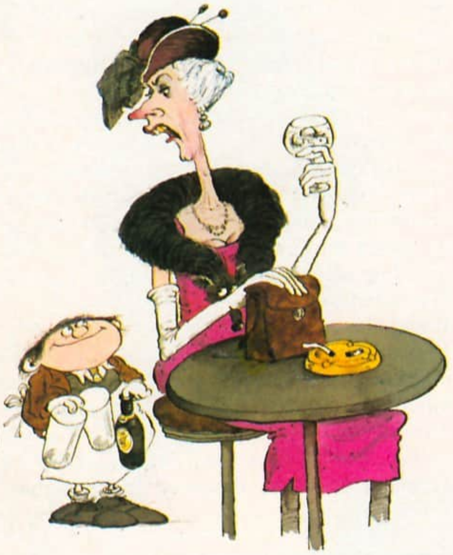
by Brian O'Hanlon,

It's time gentlemen please

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR ROBINS

My mother has always said she could see me running a pub, and there are certainly those, not numbered among my friends, who would concur, pointing out they have never seen me running away from one.

My father didn't drive me to drink. When I was ten he propelled me, lovingly by the right ear, to the clubhouse to help 'Uncle Charlie' wash the glasses and clear them away – all for the heinous crime of playing *The Red Flag* on my mother's best piano in my football boots. 'Uncle Charlie', the club's true blue, wart-covered steward, a veteran of The Great War and The Gordon Highlanders, was the only man I have ever known who would have made Alf Garnett sound like Mick McGahey.



My initial acquaintance with the drinking classes didn't last long. One Saturday night our next door neighbour, Mrs. Plower, came into the clubhouse and I watched pop-eyed as she drank a bottle of gin.

'What are *you* staring at, you horrible little boy?' she snapped.

'Please,' Mrs. Plower, I lisped. 'Nuffing. Just waiting for you to fall out of the chair drunk, like Mum sez. . . .'

I was taken home at once and put to bed. I couldn't make out what all the fuss was about but there seemed to be a lot of shouting going on at the front door followed by seven years of silence, until we left.

My boyhood heroes were *Just William*, Hitler and O'Trotsky. When *they* came to rescue me, I told myself, gloating over the antics of *Desperate Dan*, I'd have the whole fucking lot put to the sword. The Old Man for a start, quickly followed by Betty Plower, and that silly old sod, Charlie. Fancy clipping my ear for playing Cowboys & Indibums with Brian Watson over the clubhouse furniture, when *he'd* strutted up and down the bar last night with a broom tied behind his back and a bottle of beer on his head singing: 'A Gordon For Me. . . .' And *I* didn't take my trousers down like Mr Smith and recite: 'Oh, there stands a gent's urinal to the north of Waterloo . . .'; and there was Mr Bott and the darts team who always ended their evening singing 'The Church's One Foundation' – at least that was the tune – and pouring beer over each other.

The following years were taken up scoring tries and taking wickets in what Thomas Moore so rightly called: 'the tears, the cheers of boyhood's years.' Drinking wasn't to be compared to chucking a beamer at Brian Watson's head, or punching the school sneak in the scrum.

Sadly, the war and boyhood ended about the same time, and while I was thinking about getting a job my father got one for me. The one bright star was joining my Old Boys' association and playing cricket for them. It doesn't *matter* what I did in the first match – eight for 32 and the winning hit – except that afterwards at *The Toby Jug*, Tolworth, I had my first pint, rapidly followed by my second, third and fourth. I learned about *The Muffin Man*, and joined with the general air of enquiry as to his whereabouts. I found I was not bad at *Song of The Sea*, bobbing up and down like this; resting a pint on a fairly flat part of my head. I learned about the animals in *The Wild West Show*; that caviar came from the virgin sturgeon, and that the girls of Roedean School were very accommodating. I got pissed that night and had my first hangover the next morning.

That was 30 years ago, and the pub habit has lasted with me ever since. I only really enjoy a drink in a pub. Home or hotel doesn't taste the same, and neither does the typical brewery-owned-and-run boozer that is, unfortunately, all too prevalent today. I have had a chance to study them at close hand over the last few years since I have been writing a weekly pub column for one of the London information magazines. When I was given the job I knelt down and gave thanks to Bacchus, imagining my being welcomed with open arms and full beakers of foaming bitter by the publicans. What a laugh *that's* turned out to be.

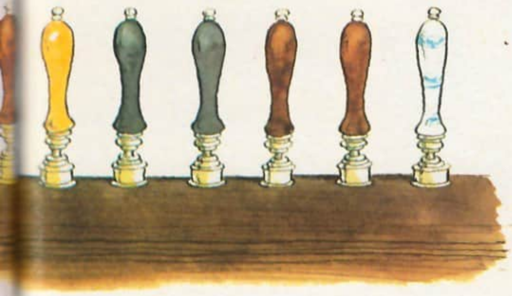
As long ago as last Friday I went to a pub to do a write-up about a new wine bar. The Guvner was pointed out to me. A red faced fat man with bugger's grips and red braces. 'No mate, I don't want no bleedin' write-ups. The muckin' brewery expect me to get the muckin' place open Thursday wivaht any bleedin' furniture and wivaht any bleedin' prices. Wot's that? You want a wine list. Nah . . . look, s'upstairs innit. I mean, can't you phone the bloody area manager? He's got muck-all to do all day except sit on his arse. . . .'

At least there was one manager who happened to be at the place he was managing. And *that* is something of a change these days. The breweries have been taken over by other brewers who have themselves, in many cases, become part of holding companies who are not brewers. As the pursuit of profit has increased profit margins have

setting, low beams and the plonk of darts in the
of clientele would be attracted? What beers would
with the big breweries? The problems are not
own boss and make your ideal pub a free house

30 years a beer drinker

to dream of a perfect pub



fallen. As profit margins have fallen so have tenants been deposed in favour of managed houses where the brewery has more control. The only tenancies about these days are the Chinese Irish variety where the brewery spins the coin and shouts: 'Heads you lose; tails you don't win.' As staff have become dissatisfied, the older experienced professionals have gone to find their own tenancies in the more remote parts of the country, or left the business altogether, to be replaced by a fairly inept, little caring, coterie of managers who neither know nor care less about keeping their beer at the right temperature, and are prey to all the things such as 'pub activities' that the job-justifying area managers in the trade push upon them.

I went into a pub in the West End, one lunchtime last year and asked for the manager, explaining who I was. He was out, of course. It being a very quiet time of the day – a Friday lunchtime! No, said the barman, he couldn't tell me the price of a pint of beer because he wasn't allowed to. 'Well,' I asked; 'could I buy one?' 'Yes,' he agreed. 'That's 36p mate. . . .'

A few weeks before that I had gone to write about a pub in North London. No, said the little man behind the bar, the Guvner wasn't in. No, he didn't know where he was. No; he couldn't tell me nuffink, as he contentedly watched the cat pissing over the ham rolls. The landlord suddenly appeared and asked why the barman hadn't called him when I asked where he was. 'Dunno', shrugged the cretinous oaf. 'I mean, I couldn't see any point, could I?'

If you think I'm having a go, I am. But if you think I'm having a go for the sake of hearing my own voice in print, try this. Ring up ten pubs. Any ten in and around London or any big town. See how many times you can get to speak to the landlord, and how many licensees ring you back, if they are not there, and you leave a message asking them to do so.

If your score is one out of ten you'll be lucky.

Most men have a dream and it is the dream of owning a pub. A country pub, of course, with low beams and the plonk of darts in the corner. The dream usually fades when the realities are considered of having the brewery – Big Brother – breathing down your neck. There is only one pub that I'd want, and those thirty years of beer drinking have made me damn sure that only one type could possibly do me. The free house, where I would be free in *my* own house to tell the brewers what *I* wanted, and what they could stuff. In the argot of publand; free trade.

The first thing to do would be to consider the sort of person I am, and the sort of people I want as customers. I am middle-aged and intolerant of fools, slowcoaches, people who massacre their native tongue, and those who dress scruffily. I also believe that a pub cannot possibly be all things to all men by having just the one bar. My experience has shown that it is not the Saloon Bar which does not wish to mix with the Public, but the other way round. Workmen want to come in dressed in their working clobber, without any fancy frills, and the old men of the district still wish to use a Public Bar as a quasi-official men-only sanctum with dominoes, cribbage and darts. I would have two other bars. One, rather posh, with carpets and flower-print armchairs and sofas. The other, slightly more utilitarian, for the younger professional and business crowd.

RED
ORDER BOOK

My free house would be in the country. I have always believed Emerson's dictum that if a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbour, then the public will find the way to his door even though it be over a barren track through a wood. My pub would be exactly like that. In the country; out of the way. I would court true believers and spurn the passing trade. I would absolutely and unhesitatingly make it like a 'Come To Britain' travel poster of the type featured by the British Tourist Authority. I would have horse brasses and leathers. I would have lanterns instead of yuck lights, and if the pub had no low beams then I would put some up, in the same way as I have just done at my cottage. For preference I would wish the pub to be over a hundred years old. The sort of establishment where the brewers gave up the ghost because it was no good for what they lovingly call 'a food operation'; added to the fact that as there was no passing trade their manager or tenant could never reach their targets.

I would choose women to serve behind the bar as a very last resort, and then only if they were intelligent, reasonably attractive, and known to my customers. I would put my barmen into wine-coloured bum-freezers. I would serve Swan Vestas, as well

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It's so pure, it's wicked.
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J&J Vickers & Co Ltd
93 PARK LANE LONDON W.1
75·7 cl 26⅔ fl.oz 65·5° proof

Cossack Vodka is an exciting drink with mixers, but don't overdo it.

A perfect pub

continued from page 125

as 'ordinary matches', and if I saw a cigarette machine clinging like a limp fart to any of my walls when I took over then I would detach it with a pick-axe, immediately before I put my boot through the glass of the juke-box. To the bonfire outside would be added one-arm bandits, 'football' machines, American pool tables, and all other manifestations of the infant brain.

I would not allow dogs and I would not allow children on the premises. Dog-lovers tend to forget that not everyone shares their affection for the canine cause; and children, if properly brought up, should not be hanging around pub doors anyway.

And I would not countenance 'afters' – the grotty term for after-hours drinking. I would be open eight hours a day and if people could not find time to drink their fill during that time then it would be just too bad.

'Humph!', you might mutter, at some, or indeed all, of this. 'He ought to be running a bloody Army barracks, not a pub. He wouldn't catch me dead in his free house....'

And if that be your attitude, Sir, then may I say I would hope never to see you *alive* in my pub either. Since I would own my free house and be tied to nobody I would have absolute say. To make it the success I know that it could be I would wish to run it my way. I could only do that by being happy in my own mind that the sort of people I would wish to serve would be identical to those I have drunk with the paying side of the bar these last three decades. Otherwise it just wouldn't work.

Before we don the motley again, there are two things. The first is that my loo wouldn't smell like one and your nose would never be able to trace its whereabouts from anywhere else within the premises. There would be *hot* as well as cold water, proper towels and bags of disinfectant. The final point before we wind the fun machine of anecdotal memory up once more, concerns a question you might have begged. Are there already pubs such as this? Yes! Oh! yes.

Vic England ran one; *The Otter* at Ottershaw. It wasn't a free house but free in the days when tenants were allowed a maximum amount of liberty. Old Sid Brightwell who was the Guvner at *The Crown* next to my cottage at Horton in Buckinghamshire, was every inch the type of publican I have portrayed as wanting to become myself in my free house. So was Bob Goodchild, until recently 'Mine Host' of *The George and Dragon* at Tarring village in sleepy West Sussex. I tell you who does have an excellent free house – and he bought it when he returned from several very successful years running his own place in The Algarve last year – Bob Pitchford, and his attractive ex-model wife, Ann. *The Poacher and Pocket* at a remote village in Somerset. There are free houses going for sale at knock-down prices, provided you know where to look for them. Not the de facto free house, perhaps, of years standing, but the tied pub that the brewers have released. About six years ago Courage sold *The Queen's Head* at Icklesham, East Sussex, to the sitting tenant for £6,000. He resold it at a handsome profit as a free house and the place has never looked back!

Before we move on to drink, types of drink and those I have known who have drunk them, there is one final thing I would do. In O'Hanlon's free house there would be a humbling mat placed strategically in the middle of the saloon bar. It would be for brewery free trade representatives calling to sell me their wares. I would insist that they kneel and touch the floor with their foreheads until bidden to rise, or until I came in from the outside door and kicked them up the arse. That would be for all the very good friends of mine who, over the last years, have had their livelihoods as tenants taken away by corporate greed.

'Who *are* you?' I would bellow. 'Watney's? You mean *Grand Met*, don't you? Well, I'll take some Ben Truman and Watney's Special Bitter, but I wouldn't have any of your Red, even for watering the garden.'

Bitter is the basis of the British pub. The way it is kept determines what sort of a landlord you have got. There's no secret. Just wash your pipes and keep your cellar cool; switching the cooler machine on, if necessary.

Back in the birth of the 60s at my beloved *King's Arms* in Shepherd Market we had the all-time self-appointed connoisseur of bitter beer. Alan. A lugubrious chemist from the north. 'Aye, it's not quite right,' he would opine, thoughtfully slurping a fresh beaker. 'Not tangy, no froth ... aye, it's been in bloody barrel too long....' So we called him 'The Prof', but the sarcasm backfired because he revelled in it. One Sunday morning Dorian said: 'I've, um, been thinking about the bitter....'

'Christ!' I exploded: 'Please don't you start. I think it's perfect.'

'Well', said Dorian, in his best Coldstream Guards manner: 'I have had words with Mrs Pick' – who was our landlady.

'Pint, please, Mrs Pick', said Alan, slapping a florin on the counter, and waiting, expectantly, for the penny change. 'Ee ... this 'az bloody good taste, ah must say....' The foam rose in scads of bubbles above the beer which was brimming to the top of the glass. Alan's animal noises of satisfaction lasted all through the mug until it was finished. He slapped the exact money on the counter, this time for another Watney's Special. Up it came, positively overflowing with froth. Half way through Alan slapped it down and ran for the Gents. As he did so Dorian leaned over the bar and directed my attention to a set of rubber tubes besides the pump ... with their origins in a bowl of a well-known detergent!

My own views about Babycham would not get past *Mayfair*'s lawyer, but I would still have it in my free house. You see, it has a unique effect on a certain type of woman. The sort who is so unbending and righteous that one never knows why old Fred ever put up with her in the first place – that is until she has two Babychams over the odds. I am thinking of Marilyn, an old friend of a friend of mine. A male herd-hater, if ever I saw one. It was Fred's birthday and we were in another of my favourite pubs one Thursday night. The company blended well and the beer flowed, with the ladies on shorts. After a few toasts and choruses of *Why Was He Born So Beautiful*, the singing started. About 10.30 someone said: 'Marilyn, give us a song or a dance....' Marilyn put down her Babycham and leaped up on a table in her mini-skirt. She had gorgeous legs which went right up to her thighs, I might add. 'Oh! I Ziggy Zumbah, Zumbah, Zumbah; I Ziggy Zoombah, Zoombah ... ay' sang the herd, dancing around her in a traditional circle. And then she started to peel in time with

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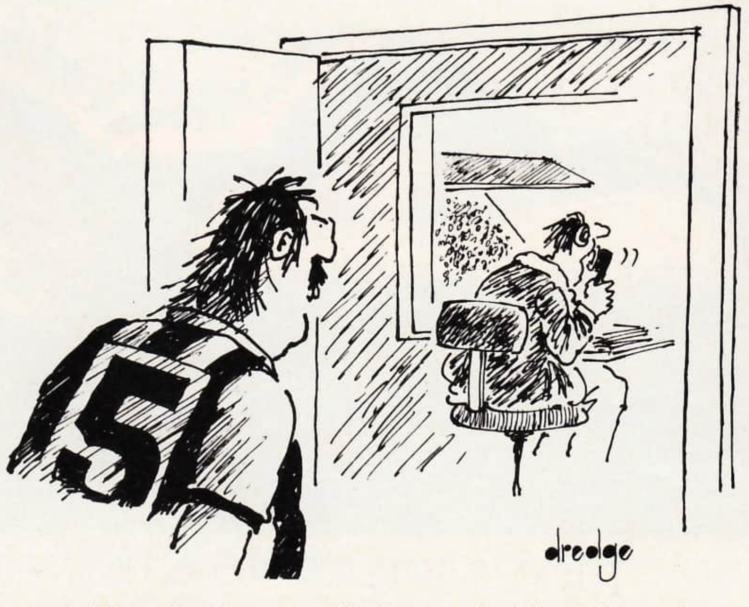

'... And Rovers' ruthless stopper, McGinty, just back from a five match suspension, has left the field – probably to sort out a niggling little pain in the backside that has troubled him throughout his undistinguished career ...'

THE CHEAP CONTIN
NEVER MIND THE
YOU DON'T EVEN GET

THE CHEAP CONTINENTAL QUILT: 72" WIDE.

THE SLUMBERDOWN CONTINENTAL QUILT: 79" WIDE.

ENTAL QUILT. QUALITY, THE WIDTH.

There's a lot of truth in the old saying "you gets what you pays for."

Take the continental quilt.

It's a fact that there are cheaper quilts than Slumberdowns.

But it's also a fact that they tend to be narrower than Slumberdowns, especially the double ones.

And although 72″ against 79″ may not sound like much, it's actually the difference between a quilt that's too small and one that's more than big enough.

Which is the difference between draughts getting into the bed, or not.

Now, if that isn't enough to put you off a false economy, maybe a few home truths about cheap quilt fillings will be.

There are two types of filling: natural and synthetic.

Very simply, if you find a naturally-filled quilt (feather, down, or a mixture of the two) at an unusually low price, it's either fallen off the back of a lorry or it's no good.

Quality natural fillings cost money, and there's no way round it.

Synthetic quilts are a bit more complicated.

Slumberdown synthetics are filled with Terylene® P3, which is what's called a "continuous fibre."

As the name suggests, the fibres stretch the whole length of the quilt, so that once they're sewn into their individual channels, they stay put.

Cheaper quilts, on the other hand, are generally filled with a cheaper fibre made of short chopped-up pieces.

And since these pieces won't stay in position of their own free will, the manufacturers cover them with a stiff resin.

The trouble is that this makes the quilts stiff.

And since the whole principle of a continental quilt is that it should mould round your body, that really isn't too clever.

What's even less clever is that over time the resin tends to break up, and the pieces of fibre start moving around.

So before you know where you are, you're left with a series of uncomfortable lumps, and even more uncomfortable cold spots.

And if all that isn't enough to talk you out of the cheapies, we've got one last thing up our sleeve.

It's the British Standard BS5335 that every quilt worth its stuffing has to live up to.

Embarrass them. Ask them if theirs does.

SLUMBERDOWN QUILTS

Slumberdown Advisory Service,
1 Cavendish Court, 11-15 Wigmore Street, London W1.

A perfect pub

continued from page 127

the music. The top, the skirt, and there she stood in very dainty black step-ins and bra, with silk stockings held up by an erotic old-fashioned suspender belt. She undid them, and the boys were bumping into each other with horny glee as they tried to continue their dance. The manager came round the bar to stop us, changed his mind, and pushed in the circle, adding his own voice to the chant. Now the shoes were kicked off, then the stockings. Next the bra, to reveal super boobs. Her eyes danced with delight as her fingers slid to the clips of her briefs, and then as the boys wound up their final 'Ziggy Zoombah', she whipped them off to riotous cheers.

'I used to be a stripper in Soho before I met Fred,' she explained. 'Only he gets jealous if I start performing nowadays in public. That's why I'm always so po-faced. Sort of gives the impression I want people to have. Yes; I'd *love* another Babycham – and will one of you go and get Fred. I think he's fallen asleep in the loo as usual. . . .'

I'll have Guinness in my free house because no pub worthy of the name should ever be without it. Guinness has become a national drinking cult for 50 years, with those posters of strength and humour.

A lot of ideas for *Mayfair* funnies are the result of an evening with good food, wine and port at Chez Bound in the editor's Blackheath eyrie. Ken was telling me that he once knew a pub where the curtains were discreetly striped to look as though they were the colours of a distinguished school or regiment. One evening, in a carefully planned operation, decoys operated at the bar while the boys removed the curtains from the pub. Two weeks later the crowd were all seen in another local hostelry wearing club ties or squares that looked strangely reminiscent of the previous pub's curtains.

When questioned on this they replied, 'You've heard of house colours and you have heard of public school ties, well, this is a bit of an amalgamation, it is a public house tie'.

In fact, the Editor once had a great idea for a pub called *The Chequered Flag*. Again on the better mousetrap theory, he decided that if he could find a run-down ale house right out in the wilds, provided it had fairly large parking space adjacent, people would come from miles if it was known as a characterful pub. This was at the time when British names dominated motor racing. He planned motor racing mementoes round the walls, especially items from shunts. The centre piece of the bar was to be a crashed car which he would insert into a hole in the wall, the bonnet intruding into the room and the windscreen, of the old flat upright type, becoming the new window of the pub. (This last idea was subsequently successfully used in a London disco.) He had a great idea for getting the pub full of people five minutes after opening time. Outside the front door he would mark up ten grid positions with a starting flag mounted on the wall. As opening time approached, the first ten people to arrive could take up the available grid positions. As in a race meeting, there would be the five minute and two minute warning signals and at opening time precisely the flag would drop and the people on the grid would run three laps round the pub. The one taking the chequered flag would drink free all night. The Editor reckoned that it would become a great thing to see this event and the instant the pub was open it would be crammed with people whose natural reserve had been broken down even before they had had a drink. He was all set to turn theory into action when he opened his paper one morning and saw a simple headline which completely wrecked his idea. It read 'Britain to have the breathalyser'. It was the worst possible time to combine driving and drinking.

I would stock three or four single malt whiskies as well as the usual gamut of blends. Whisky drinkers are the aristocrats of the pub trade, and they usually bring with them that careful Scots-type sense of occasion. In fact, I often wonder why anyone coming from other parts ever bothers to drink the stuff!

Until he died two years ago there was a splendid old character who used one particular pub, in the posh part of Earl's Court Road, above Cromwell Road, W8. He was a major, but called himself 'Colonel', and wore a Harlequins tie to which no-one had ever had the heart to

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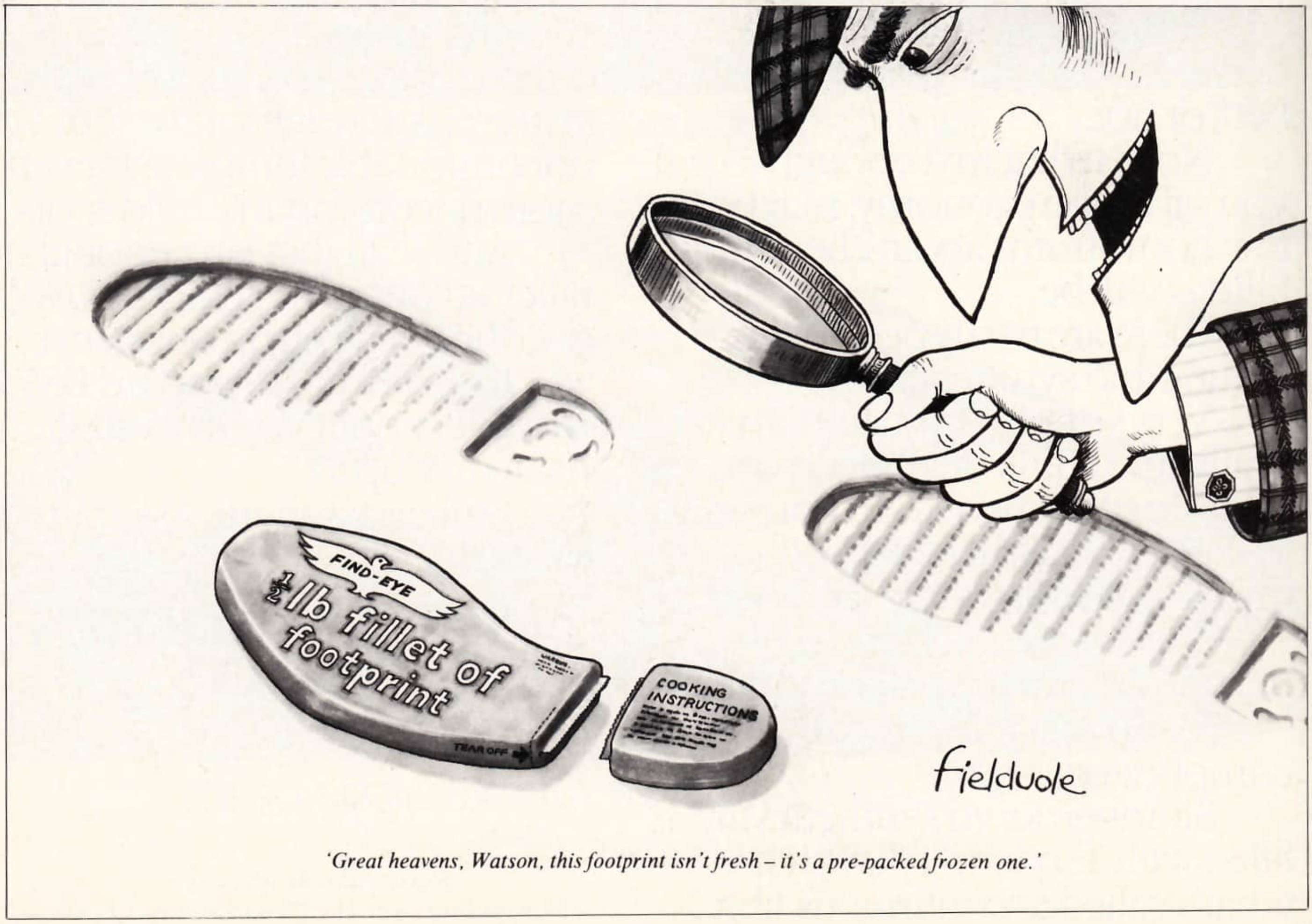

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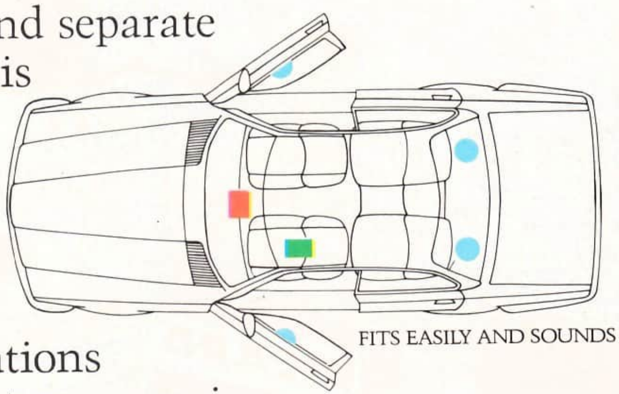

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A perfect pub

continued from page 130

question either. 'The Colonel' was one of these gamesmanship characters who make the good pub stand apart from the rest. He knew how to misbehave, and when one has said that, in connection with pubbing, then, in my far from humble view, one has said it all. 'The Colonel' would wax long and tediously on any number of subjects. A pet topic was Scotch. Single malts from the Elgin area of Scotland's north-east. He would either start or introduce himself into an argument about their various merits, with someone who didn't use the pub very much. 'I can always tell a Glenlivet from a Glenfiddich or a Glenfarclas,' he would say. 'In fact, I'll put money down.' Now that's always fighting verbosity in a pub, so the stranger would pick up the challenge. Murray, the landlord, would pour out a large glass which the Colonel would sniff and pronounce: 'Glenfarclas, without doubt. It has a purity indescribable, but there, to the man who's set foot in the pagodas of the highlands . . .' He was right and the other man would cough up for that and another, with the 'Colonel' explaining that a pagoda was the shape of the head of the distillery plant or building. Next he would guess Glenfiddich and then Glenfarclas, with Strathisla, for good measure, and up they would come. Large measures paid for by the loser. After the old boy died I tackled Murray one quiet Monday lunchtime about it. 'How come the old chap was never wrong?' I asked the landlord. 'Because', smiled Murray, 'we always had it arranged beforehand, in the same sequence. Why should I have bothered to let the cat out of the bag when someone else was paying, and a stranger at that?'

I would have the whole assortment of Pimm's in my free house because they are fairly innocuous, very expensive, and usually attract the socially conscious. They keep the undesirable element out. Once it's known that the 'hooray Henrys' use a place . . .

I don't know that I would be all that keen on draught lager. It is very cheap to produce, in comparison with bitter, and yet it is more expensive, especially the imported or made-in-England Scandinavian muck. What I would put on is draught cider, the Great Leveller. It's cheap and the most lethal cackle juice ever known to pub-going man. At my favourite pub at Rye a group of retired businessmen use the saloon from opening time until about eight. That sort of company doesn't believe in schools. Each man buys his own. After three pints have been sunk I notice hysterical laughter creeping in to everything. Not just the funnies but such conversation topics as: 'I hear Sussex didn't do well at Hove this afternoon . . .' Ha, ha ha; ho, ho, ho, everyone roars. 'Are you going down to see your mother this weekend?' asks Peter 1. Ha ha ha, roar the company, almost in fits. The landlord changed and a youngish bloke came in. A decent sort of cove with a dry sense of humour. We used to meet each other's eye at the ha ha ha-ing and the ho ho ho's. I walked in one Saturday night at six and asked for a drink: 'Ha ha ha,' roared John, doubled-up with glee. 'Your usual, O'H?' 'Yes!' I said, catching on, and clutching my sides ho-ho-ho-ing. There was silence and the conversation of the cider swilling regulars was muted until I left. After which, according to the landlord, Peter 1 turned to Peter 2 and Peter 3, and said: 'I hadn't realised until tonight that old Brian was such a bore. I mean, what was he laughing at?' They all fell about, I was told, because by that time they had sunk their third pints anyway.

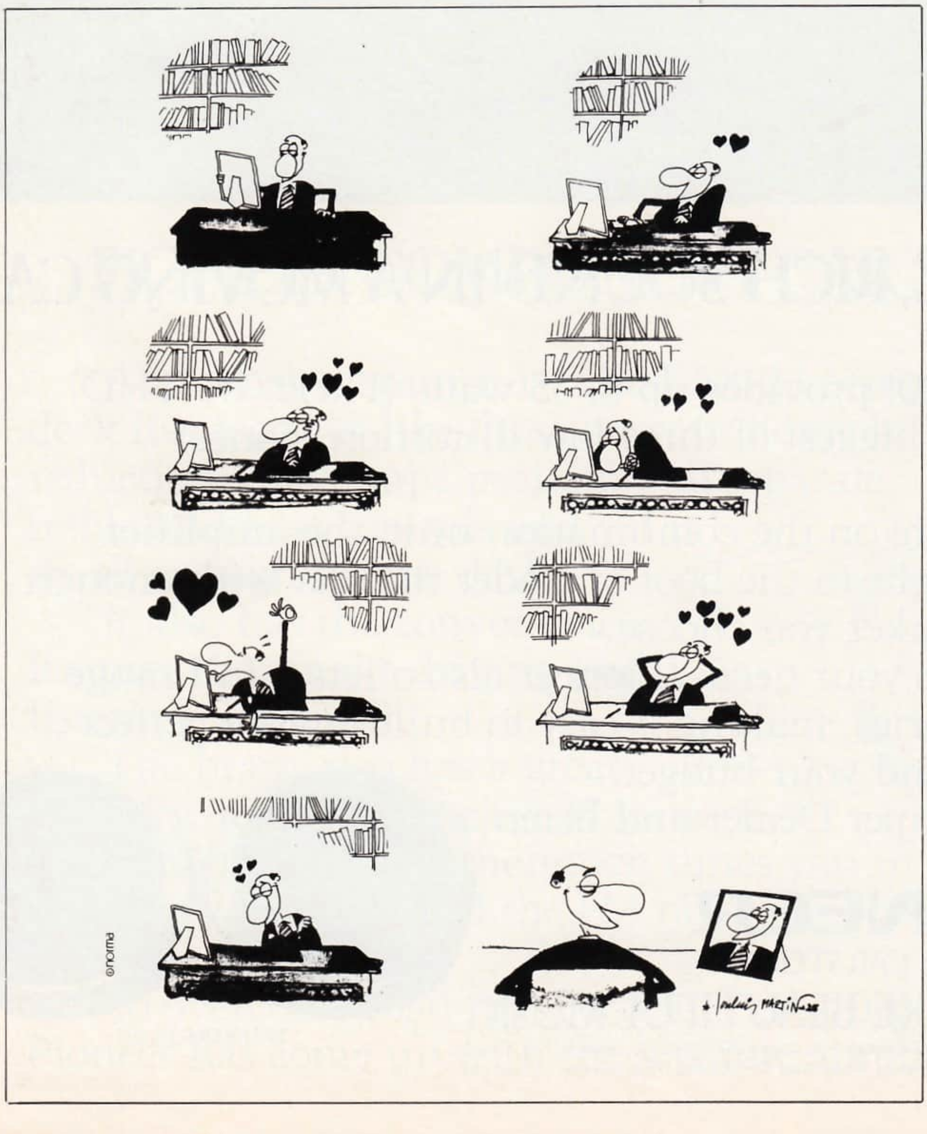
Yes; I would have real ale at my free house. But I could almost guarantee that the keg would outsell it, with all due respect to CAMRA. You see, the brewers have accustomed too many palates to the chemical beer that it would be very difficult for them to change back, unfortunately. I would stock Watneys, Ben Truman's, Courage's, Charrington's and Long Life bitters, as well as five non-keg proper bitter beers. Doesn't matter which five because the taste of real ale doesn't alter as much as that of keg. The smart generic noun for a collection of different bitters these days is a beer 'portfolio'. One particular landlord I have known for years used to have about half a dozen bitters displayed by name and illumination atop the counter by their respective taps. Once while dining with him at a restaurant, around the corner, I complimented him on his availability on choice. 'Tis nothing at all,' said he. 'Sure, there's only one barrel goes on at a time on the whole lot anyway . . .'

'Which one is that?', I asked, after I had recovered my composure.

'I don't know at all. I've never bloody asked it . . .'

I've kept that one until last, quite deliberately. It proves that outside ale conners and people whose life's work is connected with the beer, wine and spirits trade the rest of us – the customers either side of the bar – don't really know what we're on about at all. When one famous fiddle came to light it was discovered that half a dozen publicans, representing all the major breweries worked it together so that when the stockman was coming round they would all shunt extra barrelage, with changed labels, to the pub in question, which would bring the stock up to tally and also deliver all sorts of brews down the happy and oblivious throats of the 'Never drink anything else but Watneys/Courage/IPA/Charrington's' customers.

My free house, lastly, would have a stock of champagne for, as Oscar Wilde pointed out: 'It makes the masses just as drunk, but they do it so delightfully . . .'



ADVERTISEMENT

Impotence - Doctors Report

In recent years statistics have shown an alarming increase in the number of men *of all ages* who admit to the depressing prospect that they are partially or totally impotent (in other words they are unable to obtain or maintain a full penile erection). In our present society loss of sexual capacity can and does strike men of all ages.

In the past there was little that could be done to relieve this frightening condition. Many sufferers in desperation were forced to resort to unorthodox *quack* cures which proved scientifically ineffective. However doctors now report that there is a simple and effective way for men to regain their potency, which has been subjected successfully to modern scientific tests (writes a Medical Correspondent).

Stress and strain

Many reasons have been put forward to explain the condition known as partial impotence. Stress, tension and modern pressures all undoubtedly have an effect on sexual performance. Too little exercise, too much alcohol, too many cigarettes – all contribute to lowering the overall efficiency of the body and so help impotence to gain a hold.

Once it does, many men try to put the idea to the back of their minds, or to pretend that it is 'normal' at their age. Ashamed of what their friends might say if they knew, too embarrassed to seek medical advice, they hope it is just a passing phase, something that will somehow, given time, right itself. But all too often a psychological block sets in, and rather than get better the condition gets worse.

Eventually the sufferer comes to convince himself that the inability to get an erection – or at best to get only a partial one – is something that has to be accepted and lived with. However the idea that any healthy man must put up with reduced sexual vigour and loss of erectile capacity is simply not true.

New findings

Recent medical investigations have shown that an aid called the Blakoe Energising Ring can restore full capacity and greatly increase rigidity of erection in men with impotence problems.

The Ring is worn around the penis and scrotum and by generating a minute electrical current produces an energising effect on the sexual organ, improving blood flow through the genitals and enhancing erectile capacity.

Reports in medical journals

Results of medical investigations into the Blakoe Energising Ring have already led to publication of reports in medical journals testifying to its efficiency under medically observed conditions.

A report in "Medical Digest" by a General Practitioner describes the successful treatment of patients with the Blakoe Energising Ring with very encouraging results. Consider the three examples which he quotes.

One patient was a fit and active 60-year old who found that after wearing the Blakoe Energising Ring for only three weeks his erections had become 40 to 50 per cent more rigid and his frequency of intercourse had increased from 3 to 4 per month to 8 per month. There was also a definite increase in muscle tone and penile dimensions.

Enthusiastic wife

A second patient, himself a doctor, complained that he could no longer get a really firm and first class erection of the sort he had been used to. Injections of male hormones had been no help, but within three weeks of using the Blakoe Energising Ring he reported erections as good as ever they had been in his youth. His wife testified to this most enthusiastically. He also noticed an improved feeling of well-being, increased physical stamina and that the physical dimensions of the penis were greater and its tone was improved.

In ten days

A third patient – a man of 59 – found his penis would never become more than semi-stiff, despite the definite sexual attraction of his wife. With the correct sized Blakoe Energising Ring he noticed a distinct difference within ten days.

Erections became as good as they had ever been in his most active youth, and after two months use he had forgotten he ever suffered from impotence.

A specialist's report

Writing in the British Journal of Psychiatry and the medical publication "On Call", a specialist with a particular interest in sexual difficulties reported trials of the Blakoe Energising Ring in thirty men suffering from impotence. Many of them had undergone previous treatment – including hormones – without benefit.

These patients with an average age of 35 took part in specially designed controlled clinical trials. Assessment of the result was made using a sexual rating scale (usually used for drugs). At the end of the trials the doctor declared that the Blakoe Energising Ring had a statistically significant effect in overcoming impotence. In lay terms this means that the device could be considered a medically acceptable treatment for impotence.

Robert Chartham: Impressive results

Dr. Robert Chartham, PhD., the world-renowned expert on sexual problems, tested the Blakoe Energising Ring on a number of particularly difficult cases of impotence which he was treating. In his report he states: 'In my view the energising properties are remarkable, and I would have no hesitation in recommending the Blakoe Ring to young and middle-aged men. For elderly men, it is a boon. Nowadays I would not dream of having a day in London, or undertaking an unusually heavy physical task without wearing mine'.

Five of the men he treated reported that within three weeks they could obtain and hold a firm erection during intercourse while wearing the Ring, and soon after they could achieve the same firmness without the assistance of the Ring.

Dr. Chartham also maintained that the electrical effect was an important aspect of the Energiser.

In addition to these Doctors' reports, readers will find the following testimonials interesting, thousands of which have been received during the 45 years that the Blakoe Energising Ring has been available.

. . . I must say the energising ring is fantastic. I find it comfortable to wear, and it really does work . . . I must give full marks to the 'energiser' it makes one ready at a moment's notice . . . *From a Physician M.B., Ch.B.*

. . . Three weeks ago I received an energiser . . . I am absolutely thrilled at the effects produced by it in so short a time, both in respect of my Urinary system, general well-being and of erection, which, from being almost non-existent is now firm and strong, with intercourse resumed after many months of enforced abstinence . . . *Mr. V. Scotland*

I have been wearing the Energiser . . . also noticed a decided benefit and improvement. I have just celebrated my 70th birthday and regret that I did not know of this discovery 20 years ago . . . *Mr. C Italy*

. . . I purchased 3 weeks ago a Blakoe Energising Ring and I just had to write this letter of appreciation to you to express my thanks for such a marvellous appliance. I wear it always and I do not know I have it on due to the comfort, but I certainly know I have it on for the results it gives . . . *Mr. B. Manchester*

. . . As far as I am concerned the results have been extraordinary. For nearly two years I had been, with highly qualified medical advice, taking various drugs, injections, etc. in an attempt to cure my near impotence. The effect, if any, was not to me noticeable. In some desperation I ordered your ring and the results were immediate, to my great astonishment and pleasure. *Mr. W. Wilts.*

. . . I was very impressed in the energising ring, I have had one for 2 years and have found it really marvellous, in fact it is everything your claims say it is . . . *Mr. D. Ches.*

. . . I purchased one of your energising rings about two weeks ago with I may say, sir, fantastic results. It's like a new world to me now as I have been impotent nearly twenty years and had almost given up hope . . . I will surely recommend it to anyone in the same position. *Mr. D. Southend.*

The Blakoe Energising Ring is made from lightweight hygienic material containing galvanic inserts which give it electrical energy. No batteries are required. The Blakoe Energising Ring comes in a range of sizes. Please make sure of receiving the correct size by measuring yourself as follows: Take a piece of string and pass it behind the testicles and underneath the neck of the testicle bag. Draw the two ends of the string together above the penis and close to the abdominal wall so that the string encircles both the penis and the neck of the testicle bag. Pull the string comfortably tight, mark the length and carefully measure. If there is uncertainty about the measurement, send the lowest obtained – in the event of an incorrect fitting Ring being supplied we will always make an exchange – no man can ever end up with an incorrectly fitting Ring.

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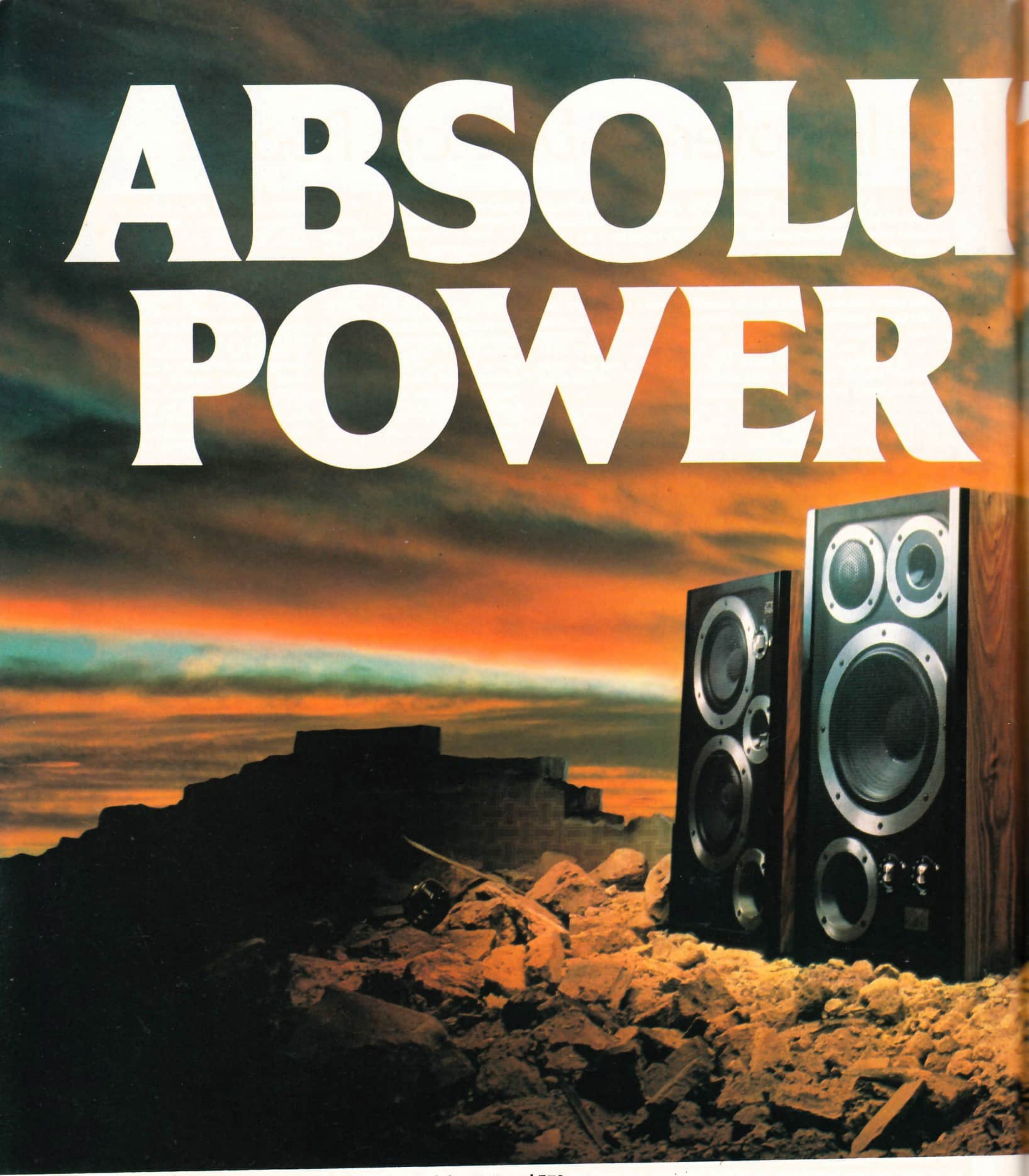

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And in case you ever doubted it, the E90 is incredibly efficient. Even 1 watt produces 95dB at 1 metre; yet the E90 safely handles amplifiers of up to 200 watts. It has handles, too–and wheels–to help you move it around. When

it's not moving you around. In the Wharfedale tradition, E90s sound good, as well as loud. Computer optimisation, a technique pioneered by us, gives them the best possible bass performance for their size and efficiency.

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LETTERS

continued from page 20

rough. But my wife persuaded me to change my mind, saying the girls might be better this time.

I sat through several of the most unerotic acts I have ever seen, feeling quite turned off until another stripper came out. She was wearing red dress-tails, rather like a toastmaster, a long black skirt, black boots, red bow-tie and a black bowler hat. She was one of the loveliest girls I have ever seen and I had an erection even before she took anything off.

When she took off her skirt and danced around in the tails, thigh-high boots, red G-string and black suspenders I began to feel rampant and cheered along with the rest of the audience.

When she took off the coat I could see she had the best set of tits I had ever seen. Any bigger and they would have been too much. As it was they were pushing themselves out of her bra. Her legs were super and she had a sexy bottom. I was sick as a pig when a guy over the other side of the room got the job of undoing her front-fastening bra. She danced around making most provocative body movements. Then two guys undid either side of her G-string.

When she took it off, WOW. She had removed the hair from around her vagina, but left it in place at the front. So we got a clear view of her beautiful pussy. Then, as if she wanted to give us an even bigger thrill, she sat on a chair and opened her legs wide. She looked even better than the girls in your magazine.

As she walked off, every man stood and cheered. I have never been unfaithful to my wife, but I could have been then. So I decided to ring my wife at home to allay my guilty feelings.

While I was telling my wife all about the stripper, she walked up, obviously wanting to use the same phone.

I turned round and said to her: 'I am just telling my wife how good you were.' She said she hadn't heard of that before so on an impulse I handed her the phone.

She seemed highly educated and spoke to my wife in a most friendly charming manner, though she could not know my wife's liberal views.

It was more than I could stand, being so close to her. I just had to touch her tits through her thin dress. She just kept talking to my wife as I gently touched her magnificent breasts.

I heard her ask my wife if it was OK for me to touch her breasts. The answer must have been yes as she turned to me and said it was a two-piece.

I put my hand up the top half of her dress as she chatted to my wife. When the money ran out she put in 10 pence of her own. Nobody was around so I completely exposed her tits and started to suck her nipples in what could have been full public view.

I then made the mistake of trying to lift her skirt. She stopped me and handed the phone back, standing a little way back and smiling. My wife asked me to get home quickly as she was aching for sex.

When I put the phone down the stripper dialled her number.

I walked away dejected. All the way home in the car my mates were raving about the stripper. The more they went on the more angry I became with myself for going that far and stopping when I did.

The guys would never have believed me if I had told them. But my wife did, of course, and though we made passionate love I couldn't help feeling sorry for the disrespectful way I had behaved.

So if you are reading *Mayfair* I would like to thank you for a wonderful show and apologise for my lack of control. Why not get yourself into *Mayfair* so an even bigger audience can enjoy your body?

(Name and address withheld)

I always thought the letters in *Mayfair* were a bit far-fetched but when I was at home for the university Easter vacation I had an experience that may interest your readers.

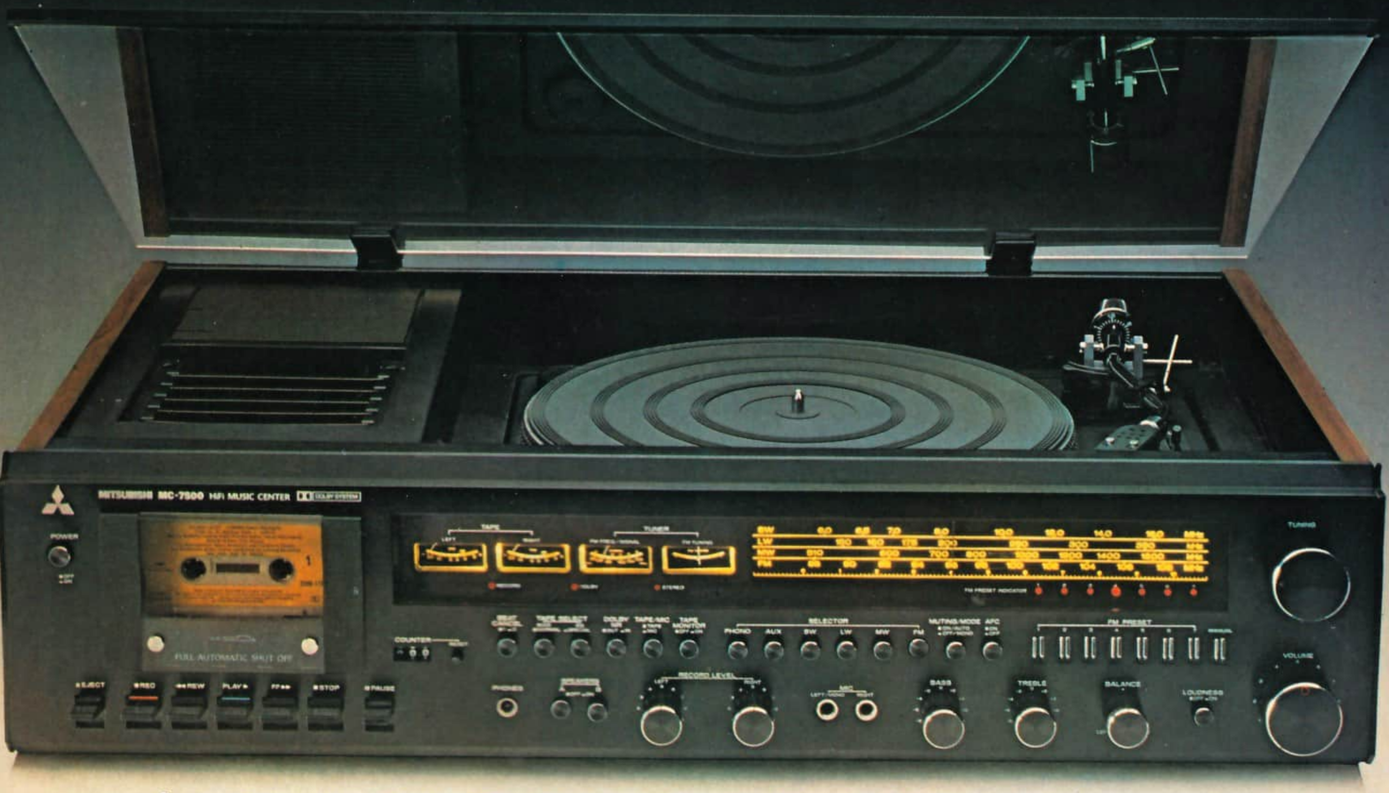
I am the oldest in a family of four, and when I arrived home my parents had just got a new au pair girl, a German called Lisal (name changed).

As one of our neighbours had recently had an au pair who turned out to be pregnant, my mother made an appointment for Lisal to see our doctor.

On the day of the appointment my mother had to go to

turn to page 142

OUR MUSIC CENTRE IS SO PERFECT IT MAKES A GOOD RECORD SOUND GOOD



AND A BAD RECORD SOUND BAD.

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All this extraordinarily sophisticated audio hardware is 'gift wrapped' in a handsome, compact black satin and walnut effect case. And sealed with a smoked acrylic lid.

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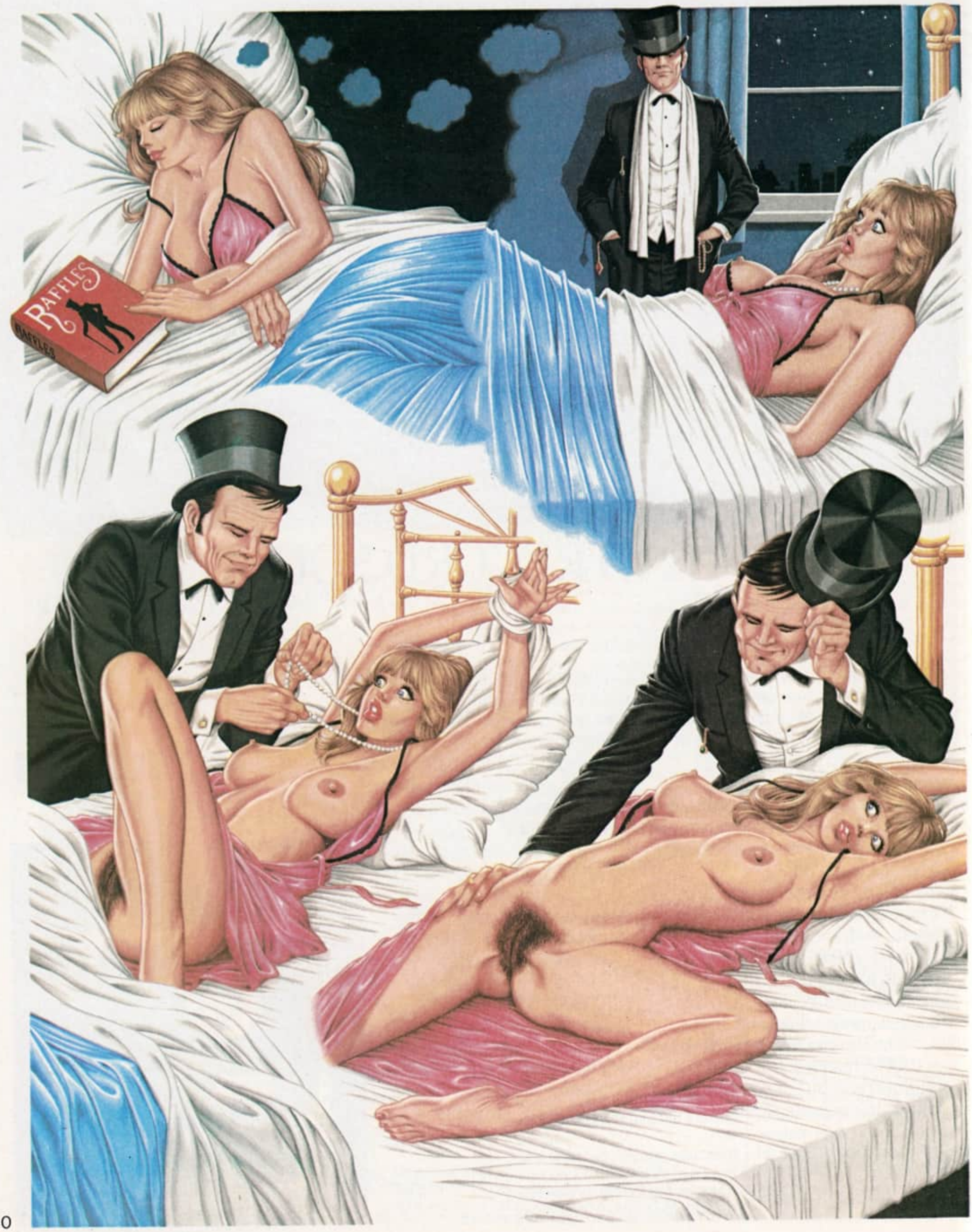
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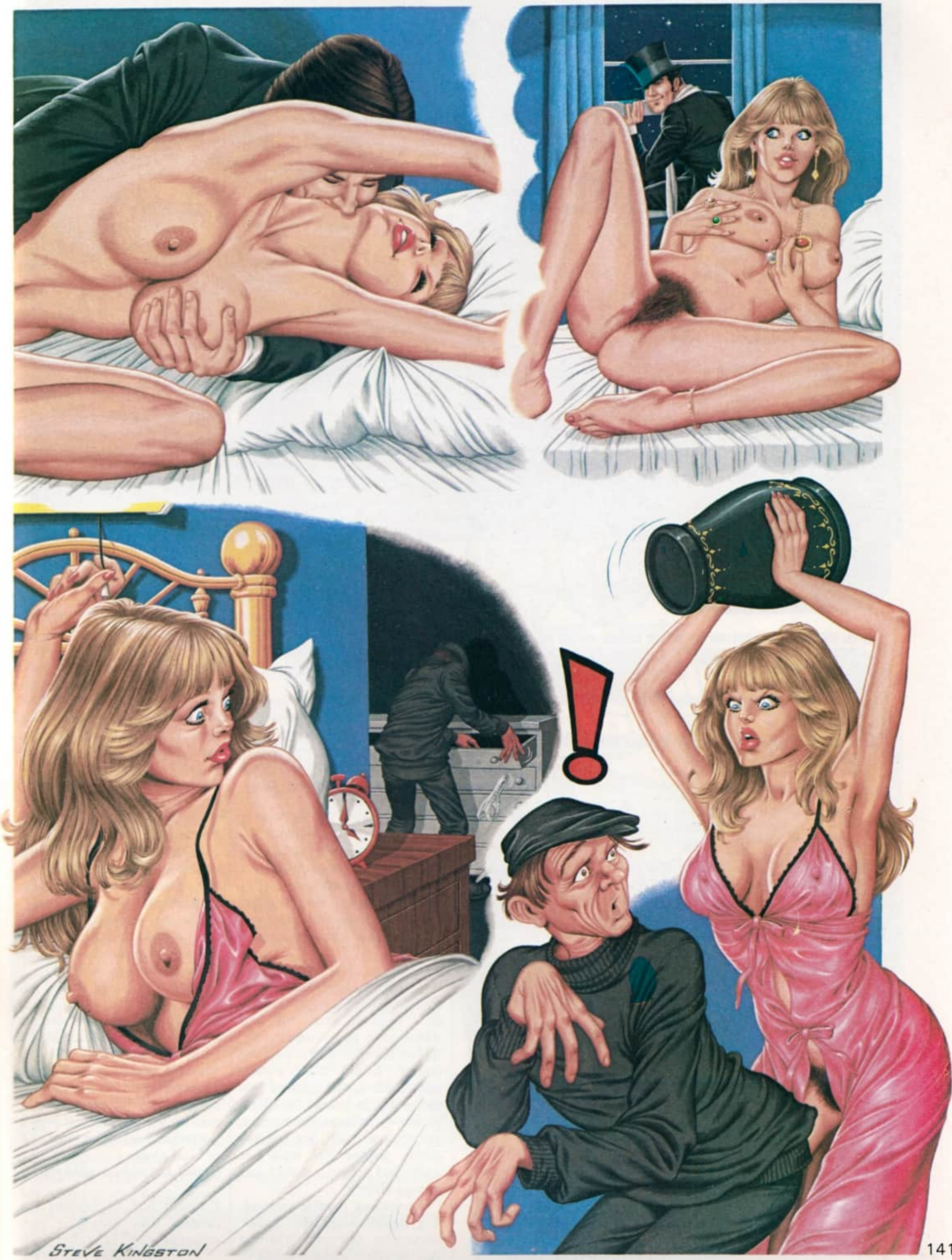
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LETTERS

continued from page 138

London with my younger brothers so it was arranged that I should drive Lisal to the doctor.

She is blonde with a smashing figure and was wearing tight jeans and a white blouse.

She was looking rather nervous as she doesn't speak much English, but fortunately I can speak German.

When we arrived we had to sit in the waiting room for half an hour and when it was her turn I told her to go in. After a couple of minutes the doctor called me in. She is a big butch type who wears tweed and keeps dogs and a horse.

She said that Lisal could not understand her and that I had better stay and translate. I asked if it was a bit irregular but she said it was OK. Lisal wasn't very happy about it, but one look at the doctor stopped her arguing.

I had to tell her to take her clothes off and lay on the couch. She and the doctor disappeared behind the screen. I sat down at the desk to wait but not for long. The doctor came out again and said it was no good my sitting over there, she wasn't going to shout. So I went behind the screen too. Lisal had unbuttoned her blouse and her superb breasts were striving to get out of her low-cut white bra as she took off her jeans to reveal tiny white briefs from which traces of golden pubic hair had escaped.

The doctor impatiently pointed at the bra which Lisal removed. Then she sat on the couch as the doctor directed.

'Tell her to breathe normally,' said the doctor hooking her stethoscope in her ears and placing the end on Lisal's chest.

I was already getting a tremendous hard-on, and I was sure that Lisal had noticed so I tried to cross my legs which isn't easy standing up. 'Deep breaths, now,' said the doctor. Lisal's back arched and those breasts jutted out invitingly. So it went on, blood pressure, reflexes, eyes, ears, everything, until the doctor gently pushed her onto her back and began to feel her breasts all over.

I was having trouble controlling myself when the doctor looked up and said, 'Turning you on, is it? Nothing wrong in that, it does that for lots of men, but it's usually their wives I'm examining. Right, tell her to take her knickers off.'

Lisal was breathing very heavily and her eyes were closed. I took a deep breath and repeated the doctor's request in German.

Lisal opened her eyes and gave me a provocative smirk before lifting her bottom and easing off her briefs, revealing a luscious golden mound.

She lay back, an erotic vision on the white-sheeted couch.

The doctor turned back having put on a rubber glove and was now dipping her middle finger into a jar of vaseline. 'Over on her side,' she said. Then, patting Lisal's bottom with one hand, the lubricated finger was thrust up her backside. Lisal gave a shrill squeal.

I was breathless but the best was still to come.

'Right, over on her back.' Lisal's knees were already drawn up, but the doctor pushed them apart and pulled down a big adjustable spotlight so it shone between her delectable patient's legs.

Again the exploring finger was pushed right up while she put her other hand on Lisal's stomach. After feeling around for a bit the finger was withdrawn. The doctor decided that she would have to look up as well and produced a metal instrument which was inserted in Lisal's fanny.

But by this time I was so excited that I thought I was going to come in my trousers.

The doctor put away the instrument and Lisal got off the couch and wiped lubricating jelly from between her legs with a tissue.

While she was getting dressed the doctor laughed at my discomfort and told me to go home and have a cold bath.

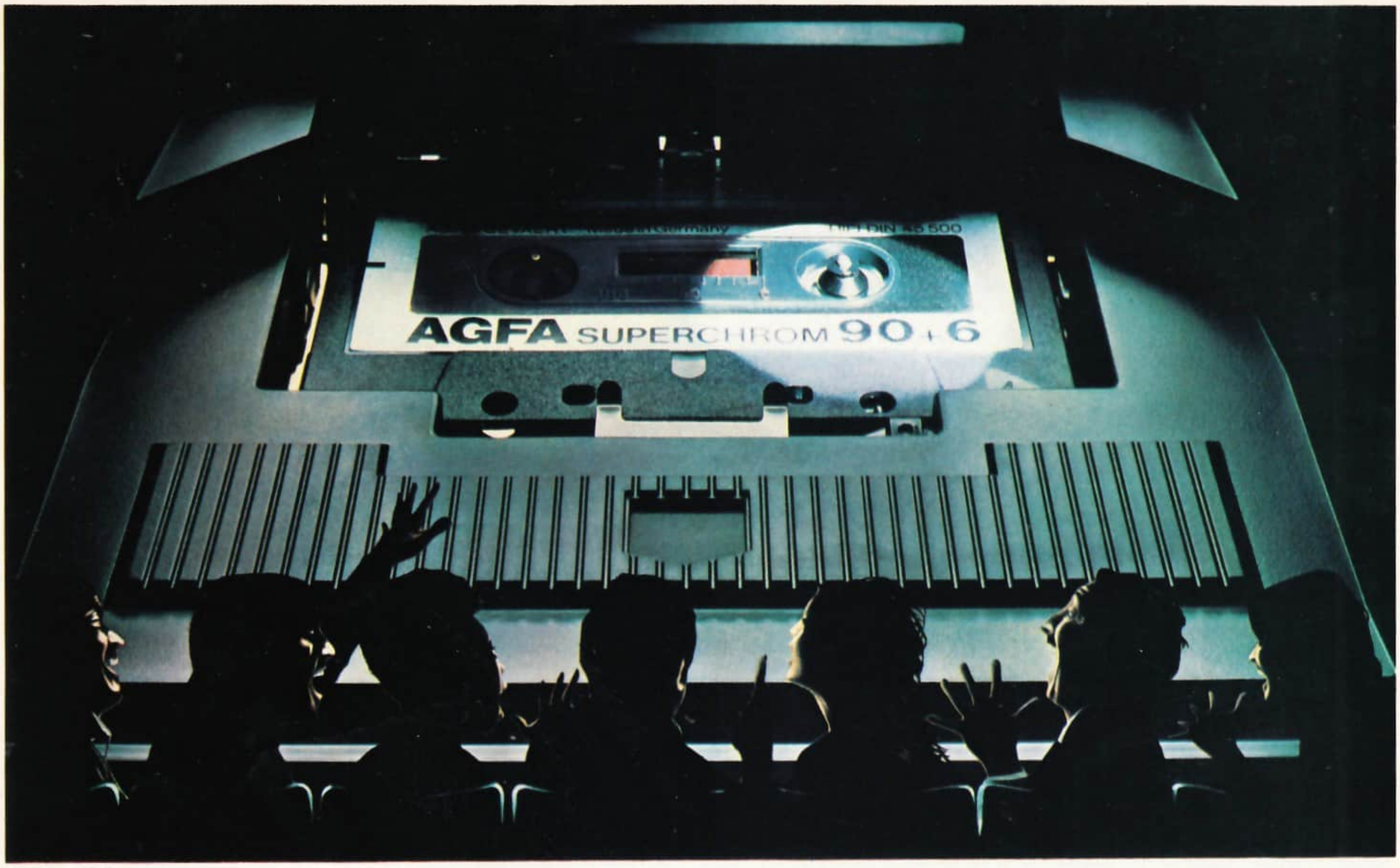
On the way home in the car Lisal leaned over and put her hand on my prick and told me that going to the doctor always made her randy too.

Would I like to do something about it? Fortunately for me nobody was at home for the rest of the day, which was a good thing as I spent most of it in Lisal's bed.

(Name and address withheld)

I would like to support the readers who criticized your constant use of fully nude

turn to page 144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LETTERS

continued from page 142

models. Since the laws allowing full-frontal photography were passed there has been a decline in the design of photographic features in girlie magazines. Everyone thinks it is sufficient to put a naked girl in front of the camera and click the shutter. Being involved in design and photography I must disagree.

I am an occasional reader of *Mayfair*, buying three or four copies a year. I bought Vol 14 No 7 as I was attracted by the sexy cover shot of Joanne Latham in the check dress. While I found the pictures of Joanne were most alluring, the rest of the girls were nearly all photographed totally nude.

Like most men I enjoy a nude picture of a pretty girl, but I think of how boring it would be to arrive home every night to find my girlfriend starkers. Half the fun of sex is unwrapping the parcel to find the charms inside, and the same applies to photographs. Ask which most men prefer, a striptease or nudist camp and the former wins.

The use of a clothed girl allows the use of more interesting locations and it is easy enough to move indoors for the more revealing shots. I think the idea of a tennis match is great – outside on the court and inside in the changing room.

By all means have the nude shots, but let's have some build-up please.

Many males love to see flashes of a girl's knickers, and there are so many other sexy clothes girls can wear. Remember the advertising line – sell the sizzle not the steak.

Next time I buy *Mayfair*, I hope I'll find a pleasant change in your photos. I'm sure Sonia James of Hampstead would look super in a mini-dress. Anyway, the ball is in your court.

J Moss, Kent

I have noticed that not only do certain girls attract a lot of mail requesting more photos, but girls dressed or posed in certain ways also stimulate readers to put pen to paper begging for more.

No doubt you are more than familiar with requests for big boobs, underwear, wet girls etc, but I have noticed one theme that attracts a lot of readers' letters in *Mayfair* and other magazines: the subject of women in uniform.

There are millions of deep-rooted reasons; but explanations aside I for one find the concept of a uniformed girl undressing and revealing her goodies to be very erotic.

Nurses, of course, are the classic turn-on, but there is a whole range of others to be drawn upon. For example, the three armed forces, a policewoman, traffic warden, bus conductress, a schoolgirl, an air-hostess or even girls in sportswear.

I am certain that a few more of your girls suitably clad would please no end of your readers and add a lot more interest to your already excellent magazine.

J R, London

We are always eager to please our readers and if you turn to page 102 you will find Jenny the Wren. If any uniformed ladies would like to write to us or send photos we would be happy to hear from them.

Undersandably, ever since the Sally Ball affair I feel that your magazine has lacked that little extra bit of flair which made me choose it.

You now seem reluctant to publish pictures of our more attractive young models in preference for what I can only describe as average 'model-type' girls.

Surely enough time has elapsed for you to reconsider your position.

As you can see, most of the daily papers feature 16-17 year olds.

Mayfair, it's time to think young.

J F Donaldson, Saintfield

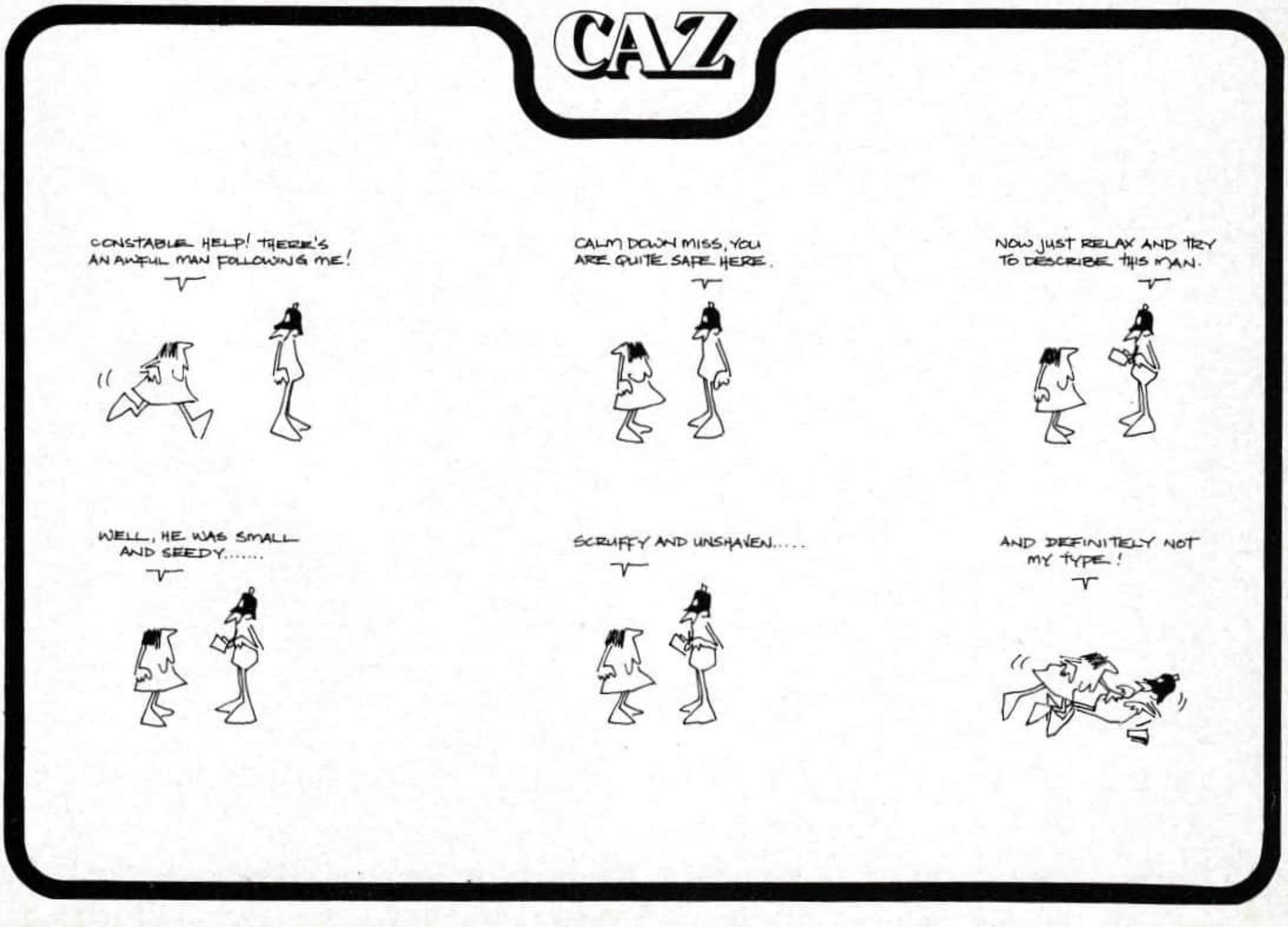
Your readers have certainly been inventive when it comes to graffiti. But here's one I haven't heard before.

It mysteriously appeared on the wall of the gents toilet at work last week, and like a lot of graffiti, there is more than a grain of truth in it:

The only difference between this company and a cactus plant is that the cactus has its pricks on the outside.

M S, Liverpool

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ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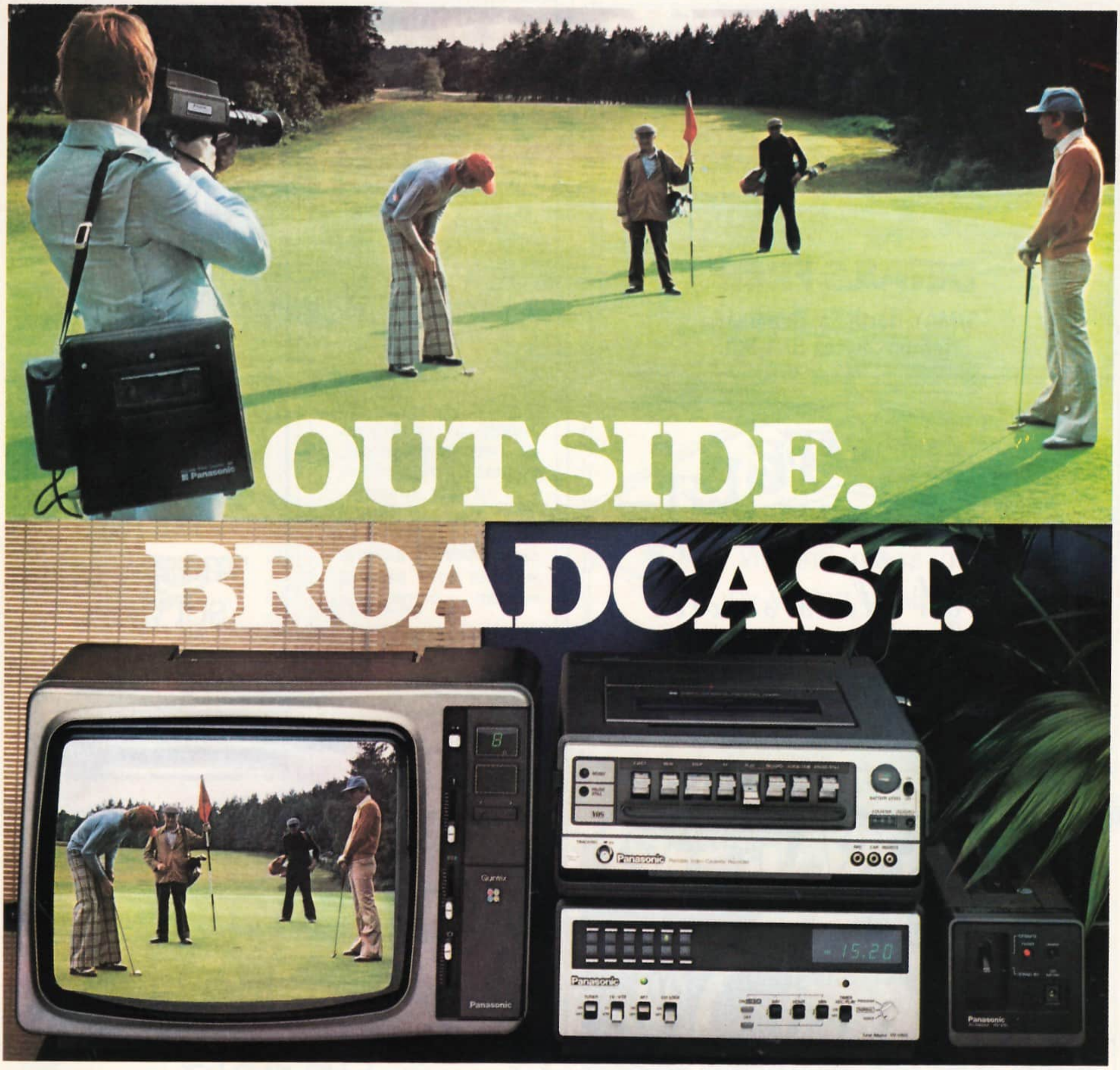

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The beauty of this system (apart from its beauty) is that you can carry it around, make your own documentaries and replay them on TV at home. Incidentally, a suitable TV to use with this equipment is this 14" Panasonic TC-481GR and you can record TV programmes up to 7 days ahead using the matching tuner (optional extra).

This is just a trailer. For the main feature, send us the coupon. Soon there'll be something worth watching on your TV every night.

For a free colour brochure send this coupon to: National Panasonic Sales Promotion Dept., 107-109 Whitby Road, Slough, Berkshire SL1 3DR. Telephone: Slough 27516.

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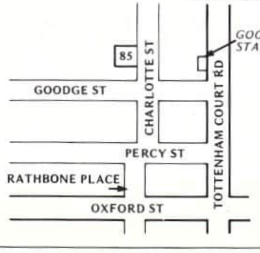

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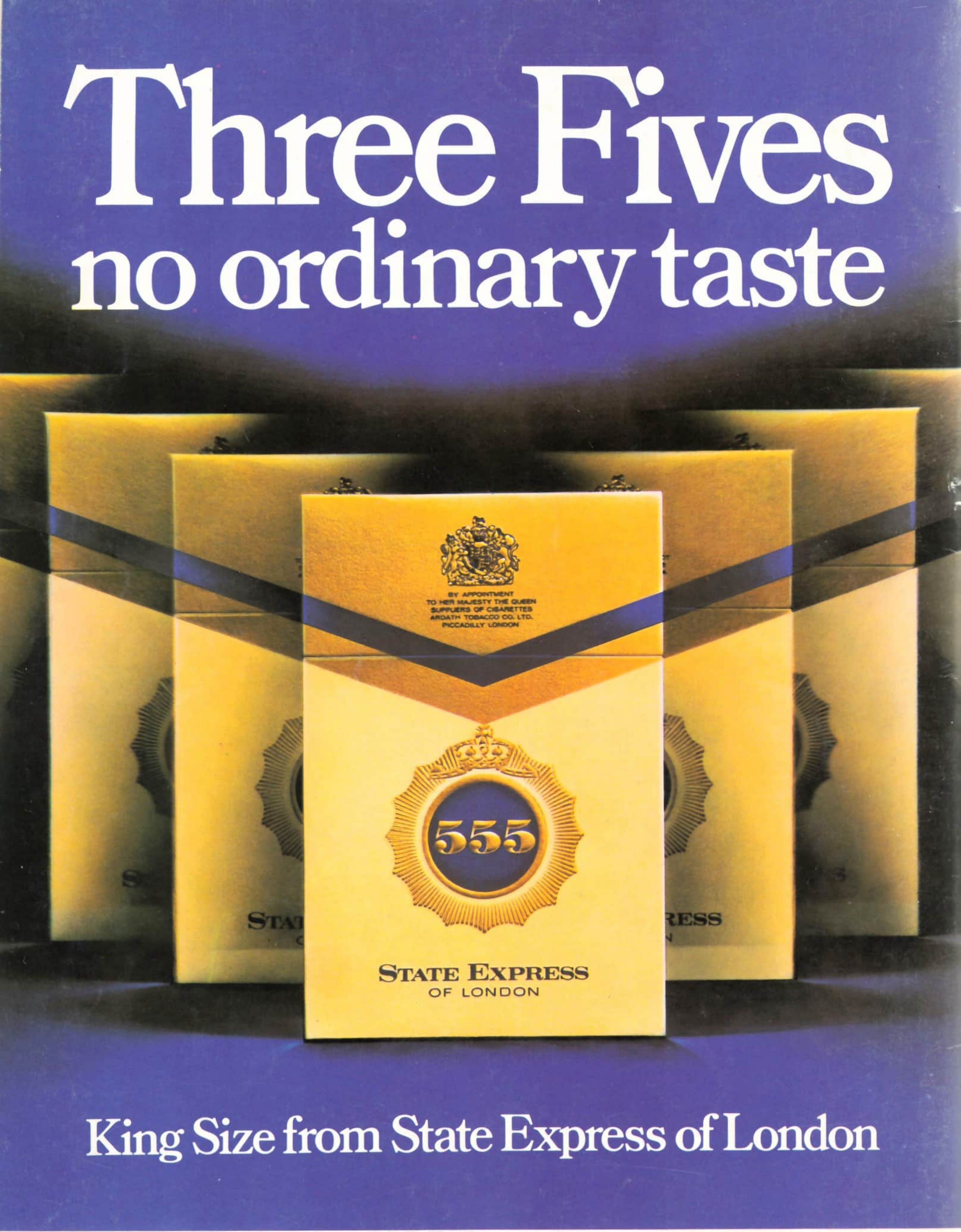
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